

GOLD  
KEY

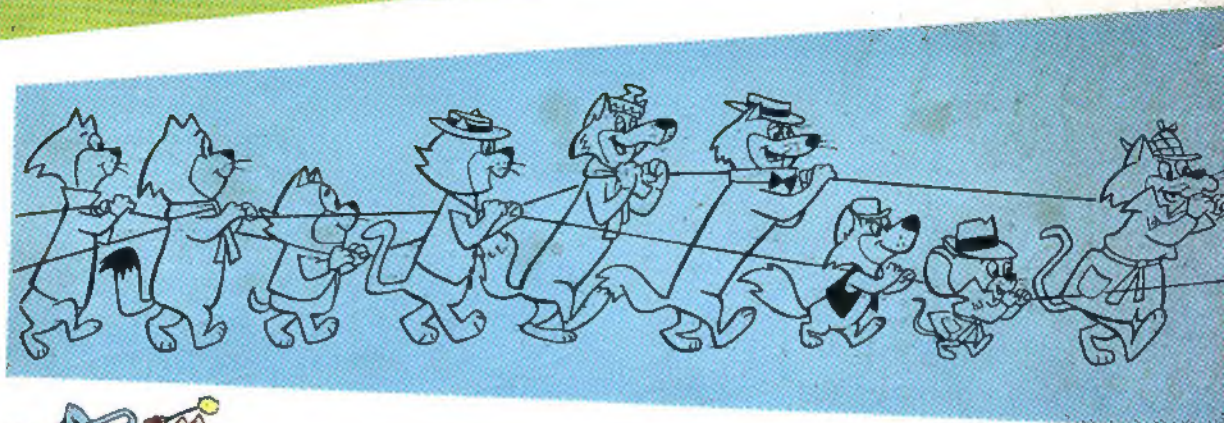
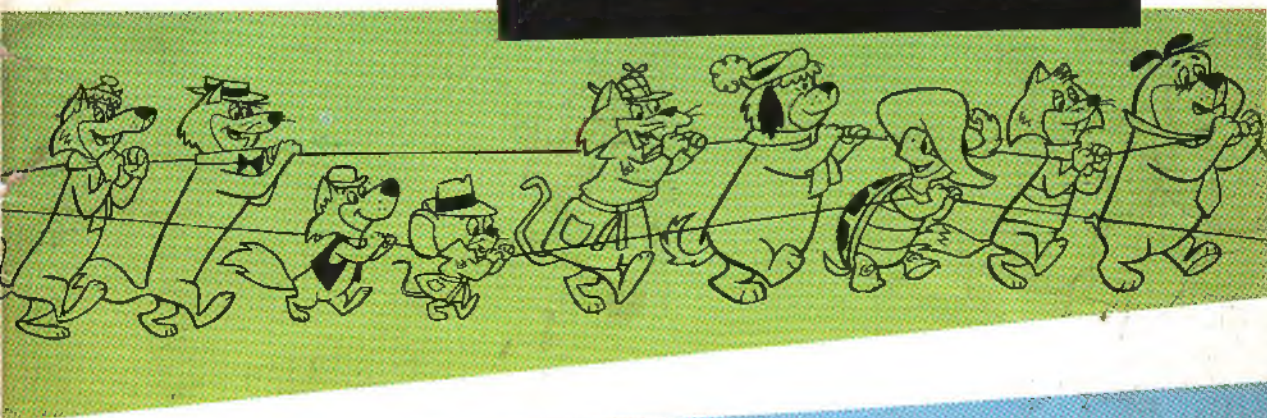
BANDWAGON  
JANUARY

80 PAGES  
25c

30004-301

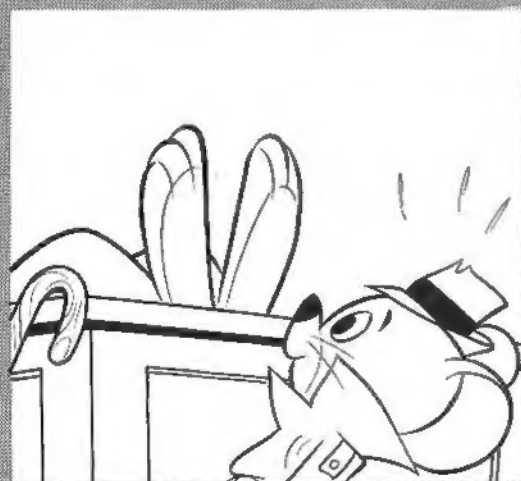
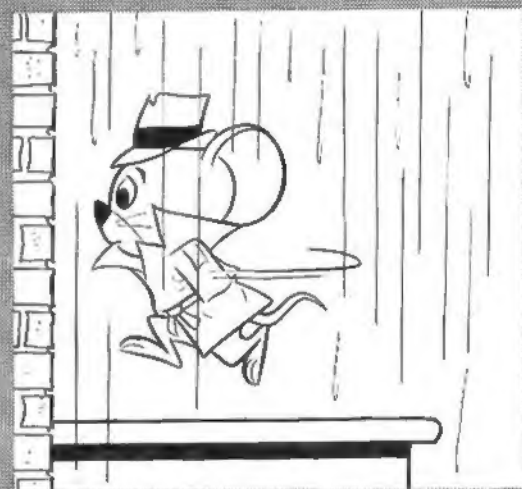
HANNA-BARBERA

# BAND- WAGON





**SNOOPER  
and  
BLABBER**



Hanna-Barbera

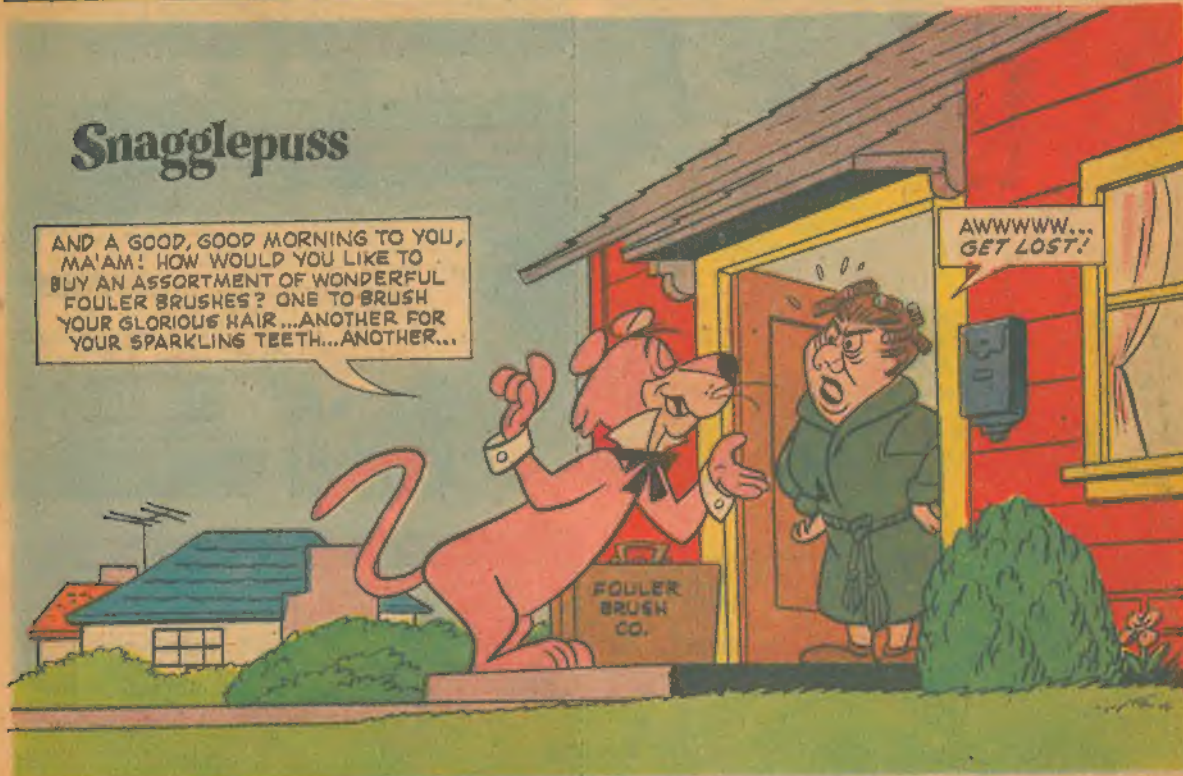
# BANDWAGON



## Snagglepuss

AND A GOOD, GOOD MORNING TO YOU, MA'AM! HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO BUY AN ASSORTMENT OF WONDERFUL FOULER BRUSHES? ONE TO BRUSH YOUR GLORIOUS HAIR...ANOTHER FOR YOUR SPARKLING TEETH...ANOTHER...

AWWWWW...  
GET LOST!



ZOUNDS! I NEVER SELL  
A BRUSH... I ALWAYS  
GET THE BRUSH!

WHAM!



BUT I MUSTN'T LET MY SPIRITS  
SAG! AFTER ALL... IT'S ONLY  
BEEN EIGHT MONTHS SINCE MY  
LAST SALE! EXIT, STAGE RIGHT!



H.B. BANDWAGON #2-6210

POSTMASTER: Please send notice on Form 3579 to K.K. Publications, Inc., Poughkeepsie, New York.  
HANNA-BARBERA BANDWAGON, No. 2, January, 1963. Published quarterly by K.K. Publications, Inc., Poughkeepsie, New York, in cooperation with Golden Press, Inc. Application for second-class entry pending at Poughkeepsie, New York. Subscription price in the U.S.A. \$1.00 per year; foreign subscriptions \$2.00 per year; Canadian subscriptions \$1.50 per year. All rights reserved throughout the world. Authorized edition. Designed, produced and printed in the U.S.A. by Western Printing & Lithographing Co. Copyright © 1962, by Hanna-Barbera Productions, Inc.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both your old and new address enclosing if possible your old address label.



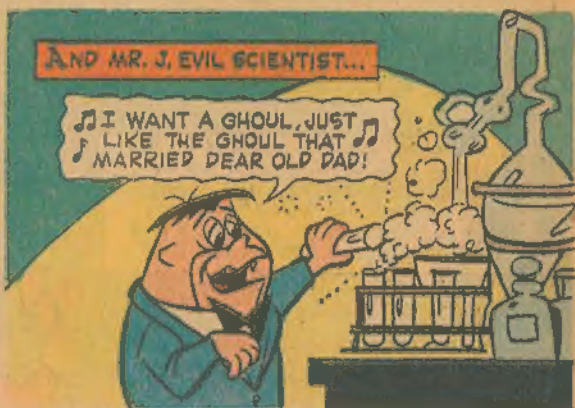


AHA! THAT LOOKS LIKE A TYPICAL NEIGHBORHOOD HOME WHERE A TYPICAL HAPPY COUPLE MIGHT LIKE TO BUY SOME TYPICAL BRUSHES!



INSIDE THIS "TYPICAL" HOME LIVE MRS. J. EVIL SCIENTIST...

NINE FOOT TWO...  
EYE OF BLUE...AND  
HE'S GOT A TAIL, TOO...  
HAS ANYBODY SEEN  
MY GUY...



AND MR. J. EVIL SCIENTIST...

I WANT A GHOUL, JUST  
LIKE THE GHOUL THAT  
MARRIED DEAR OLD DAD!



AHA! AT LAST!  
I'VE PERFECTED  
MY SHRINKO  
FORMULA!

WONDERFUL, DAHLING!  
WHO ARE YOU GOING  
TO TEST IT ON?



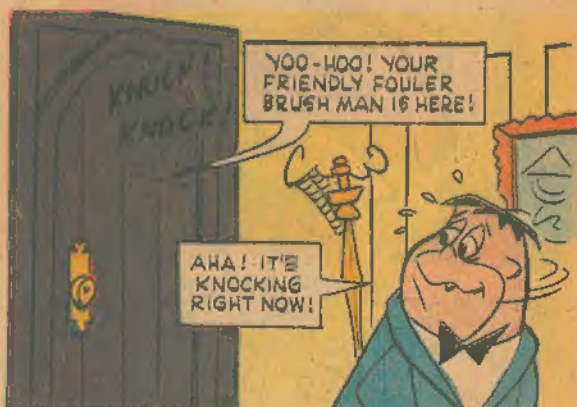
HEH-HEH! CARE  
FOR A GLASS OF  
LEMONADE,  
MY SWEET?

OH, NO YOU DON'T!  
JUST BECAUSE YOU  
CALL ME YOUR LITTLE  
WIFE, DAHLING, I  
DON'T WANT TO BE  
THAT LITTLE!



BOO-HOO! WHAT GOOD  
IS IT TO INVENT A  
HORRIBLE LIQUID THAT  
WILL SHRINK PEOPLE  
IF I CAN'T TEST IT?

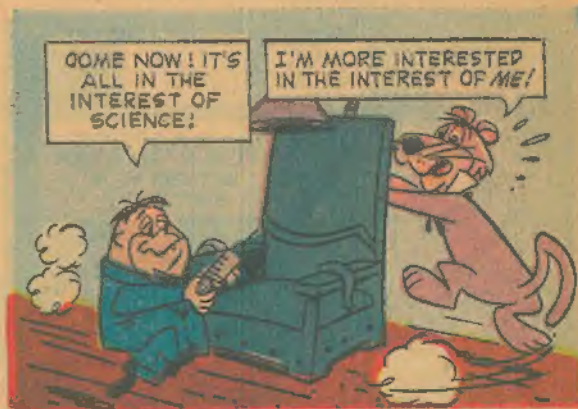
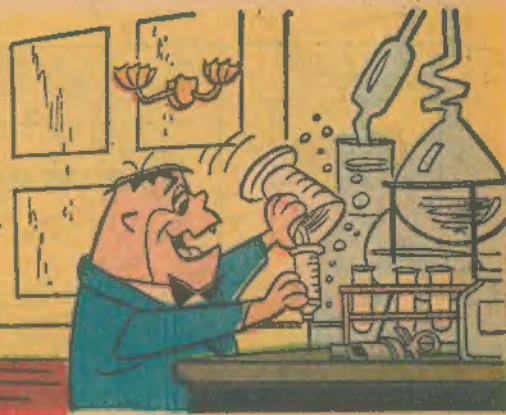
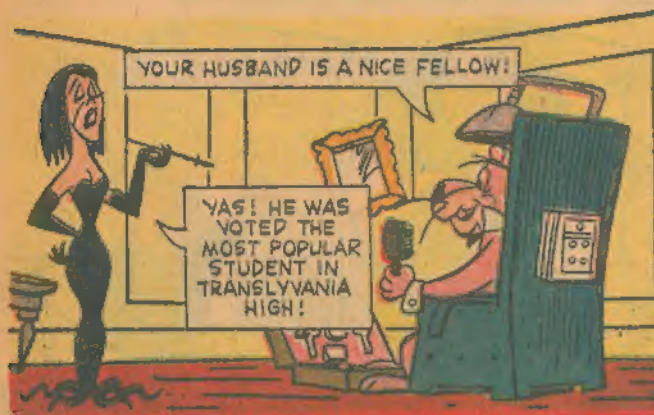
DON'T WORRY,  
DEAH! SOME-  
BODY WILL  
COME ALONG!  
OPPORTUNITY  
WILL KNOCK!



YOO-HOO! YOUR  
FRIENDLY FOULER  
BRUSH MAN IS HERE!

AHA! IT'S  
KNOCKING  
RIGHT NOW!

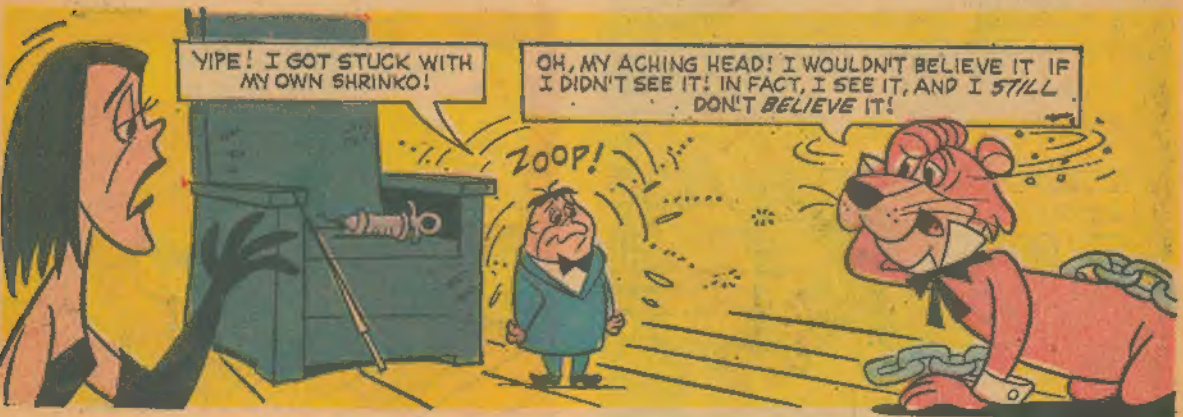
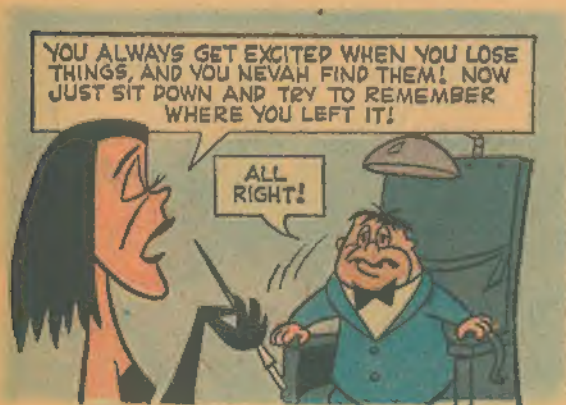
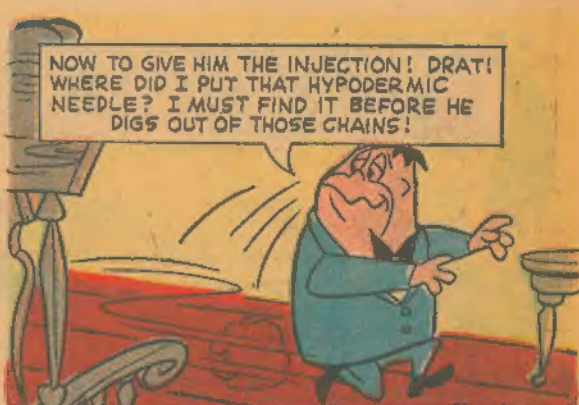
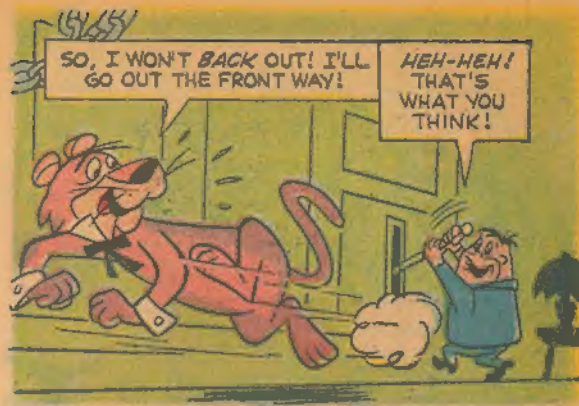




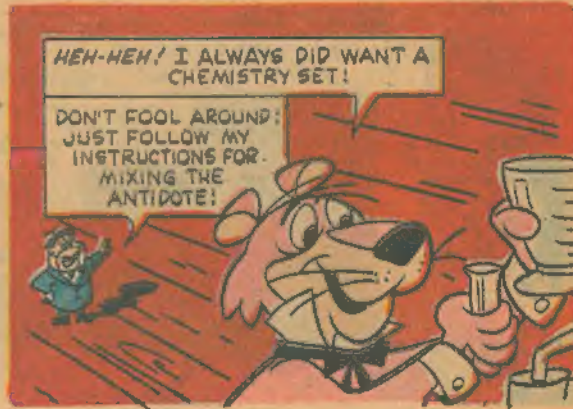
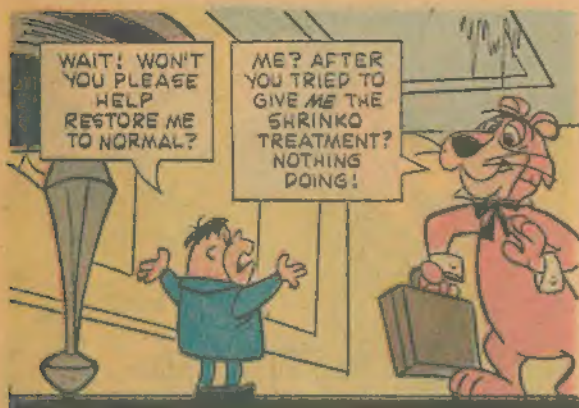
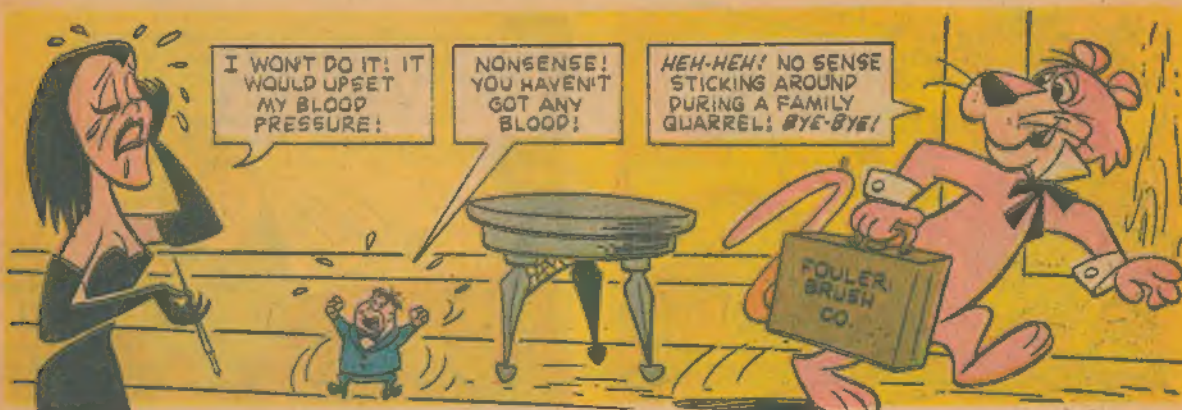
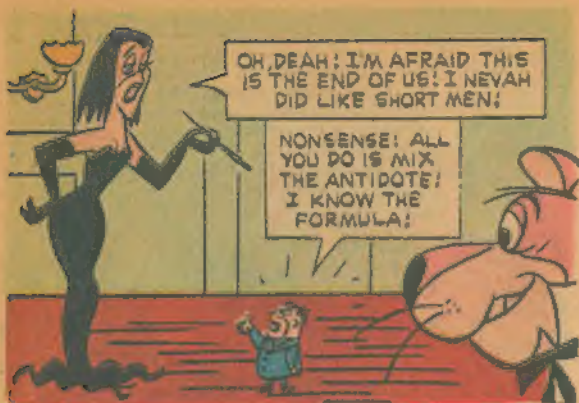




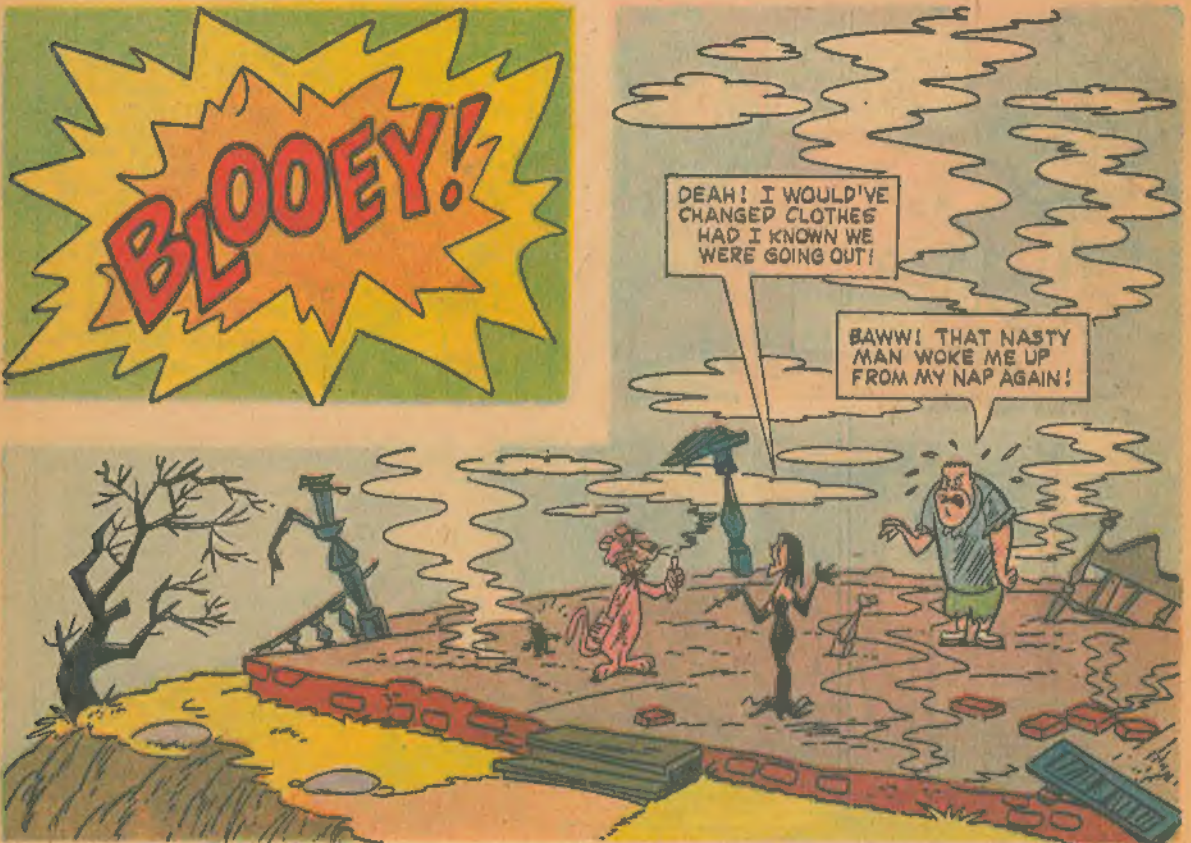
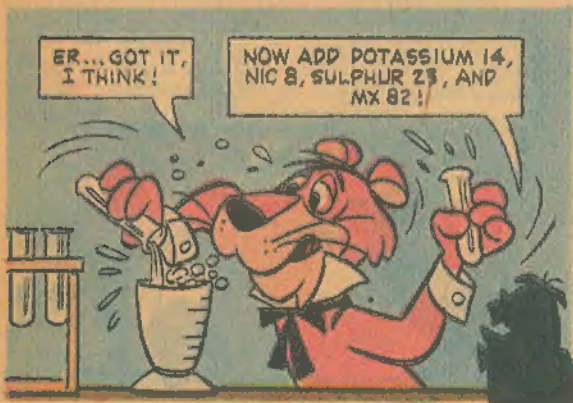
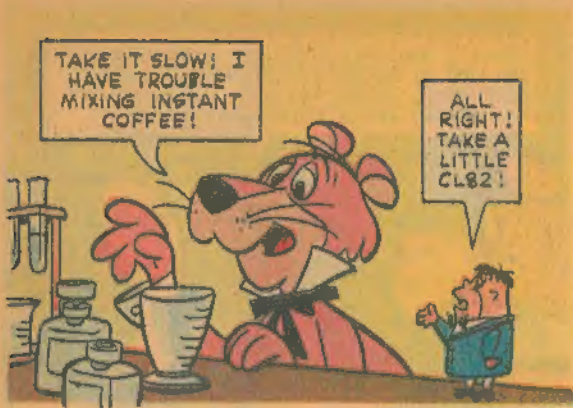




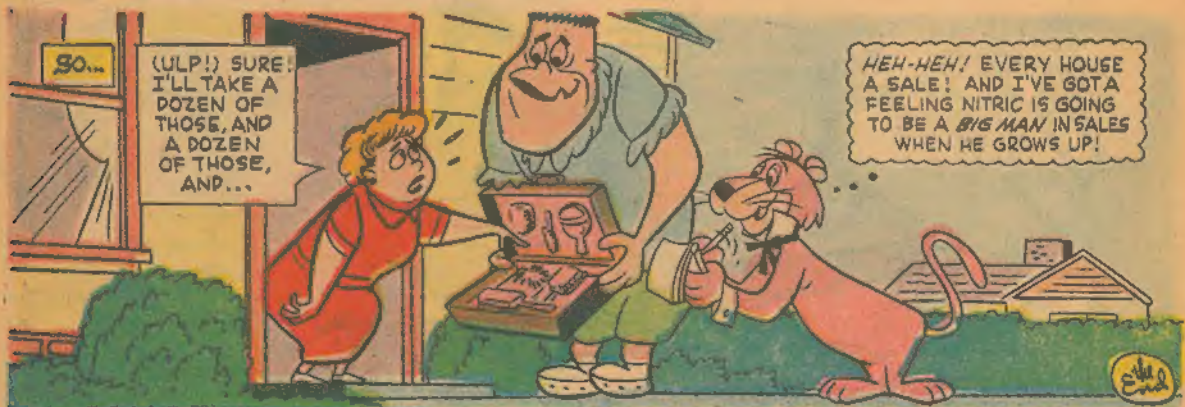
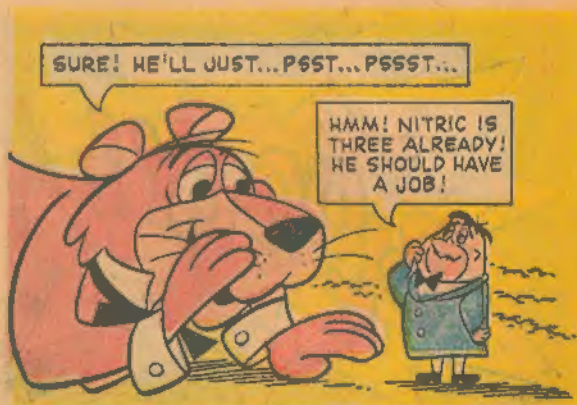
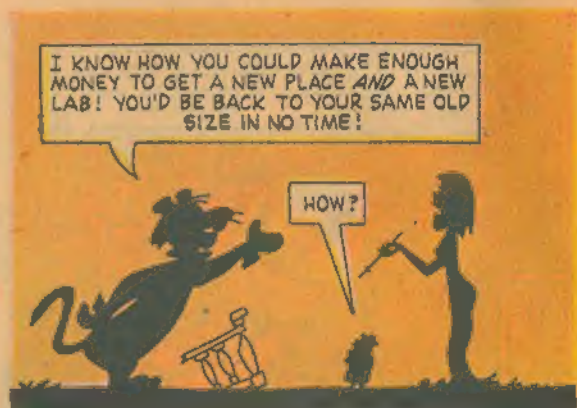
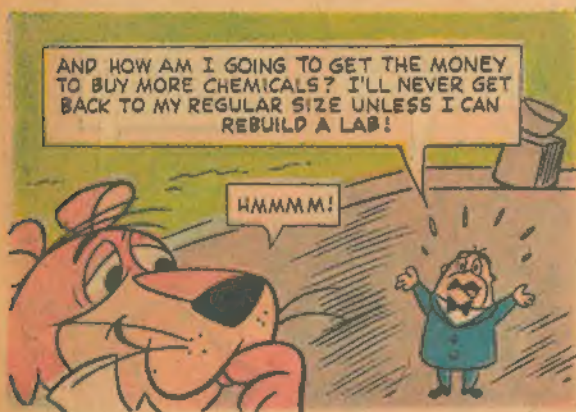
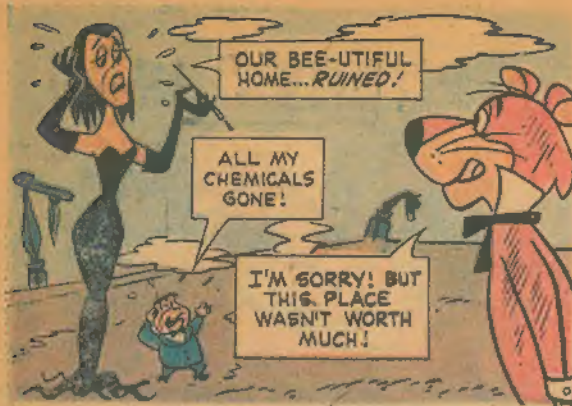








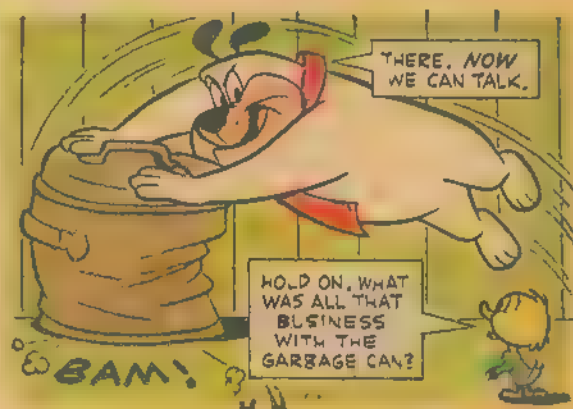
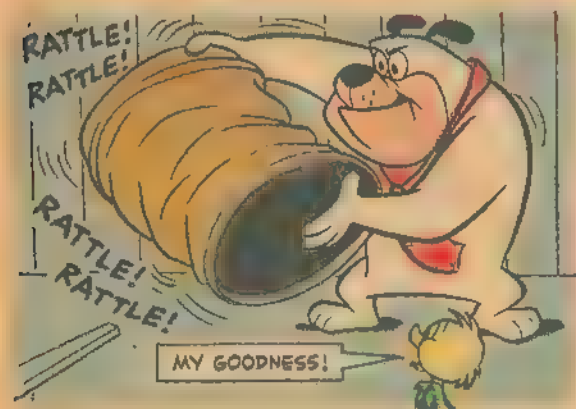
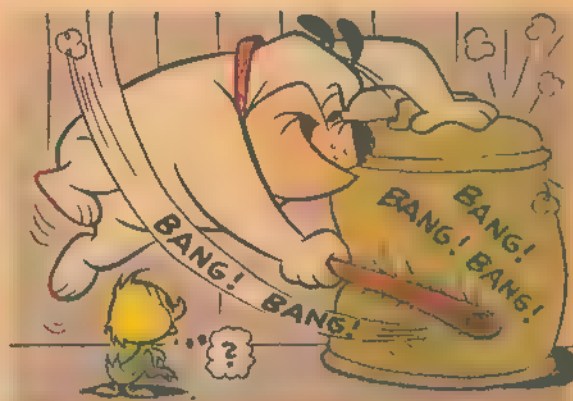
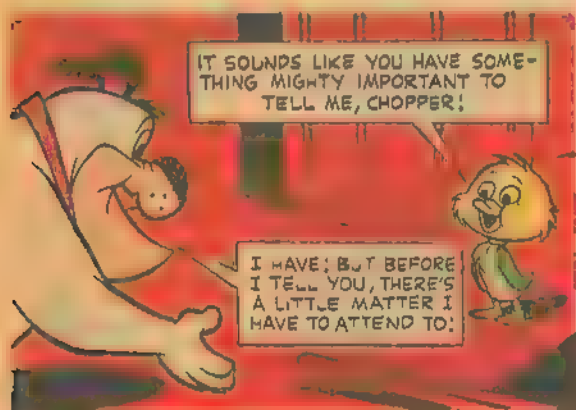
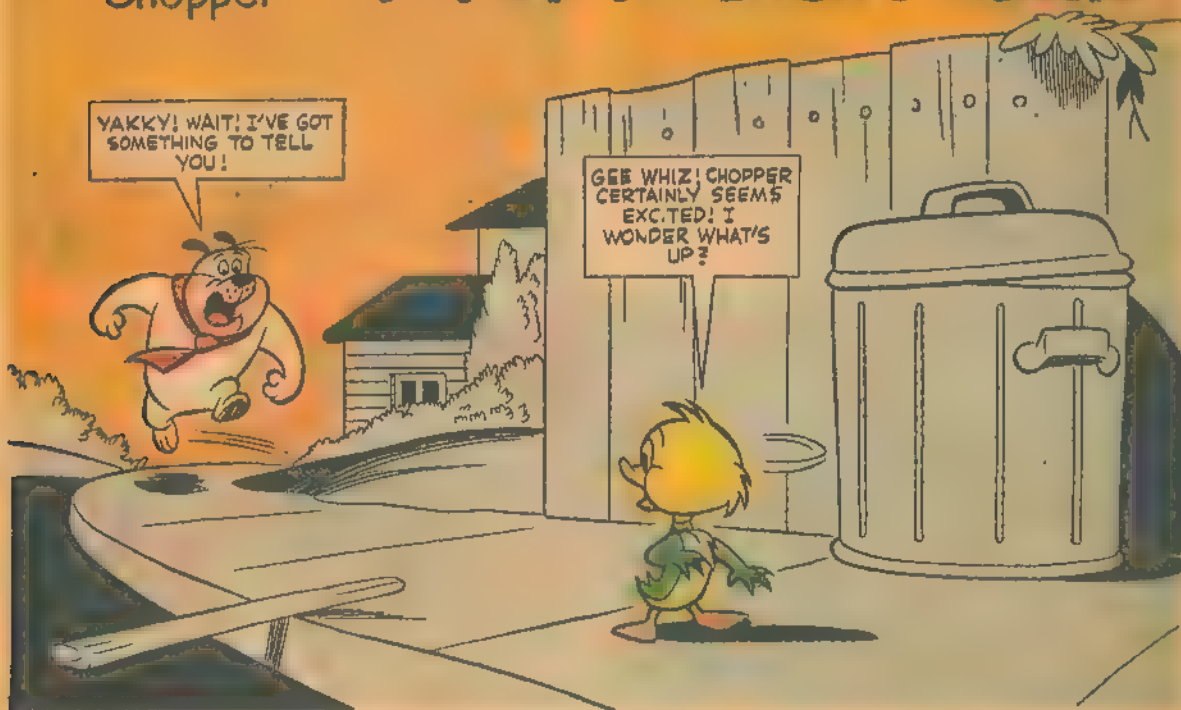




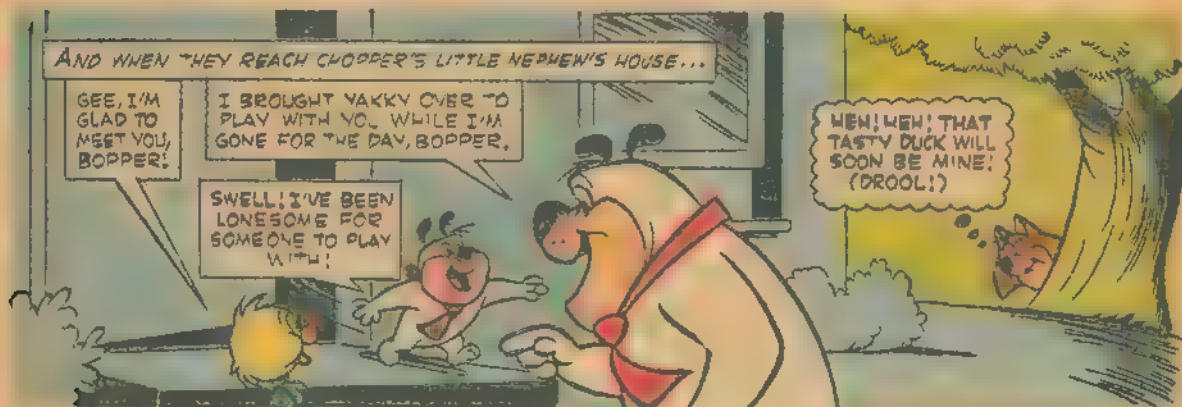
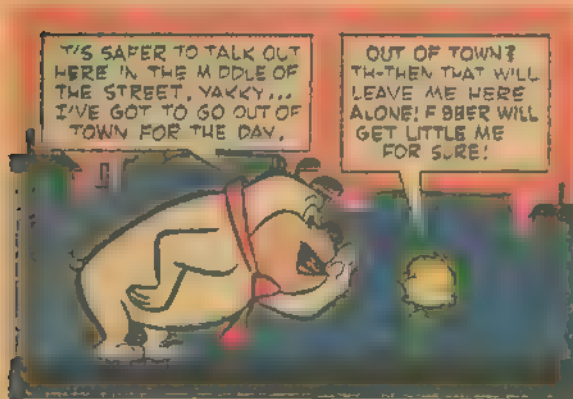
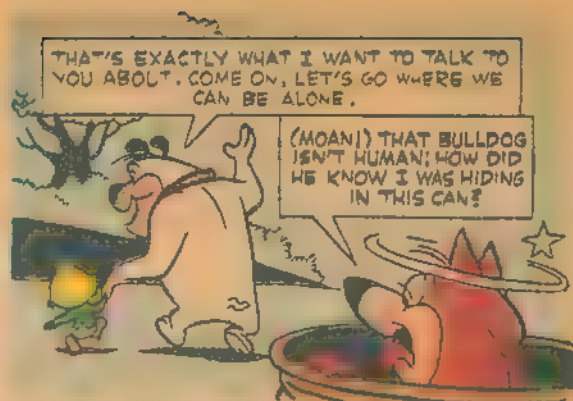
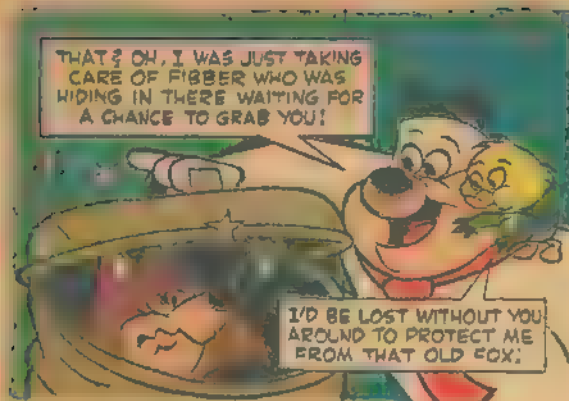


YAKKY and  
Chopper

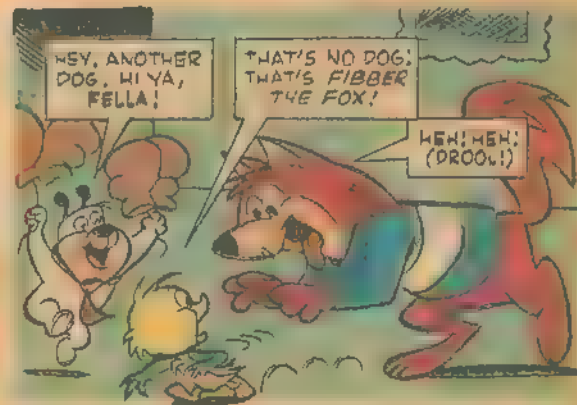
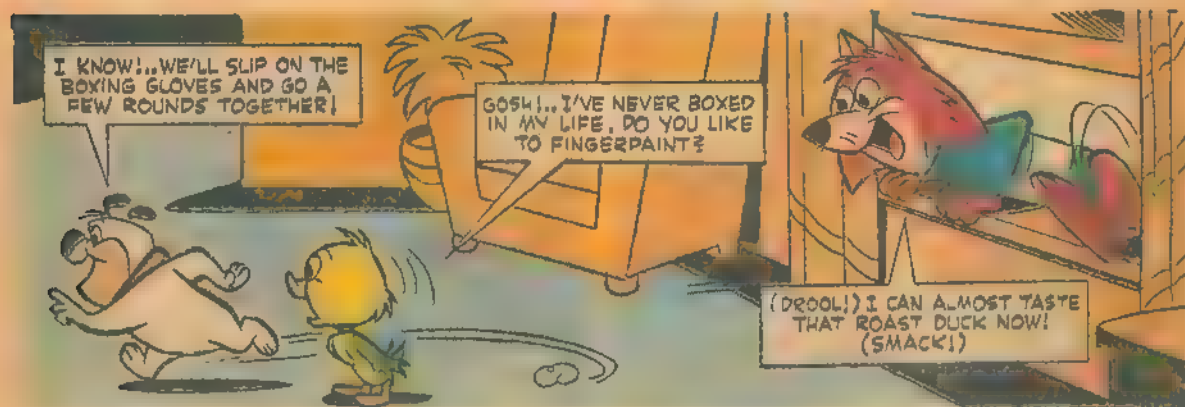
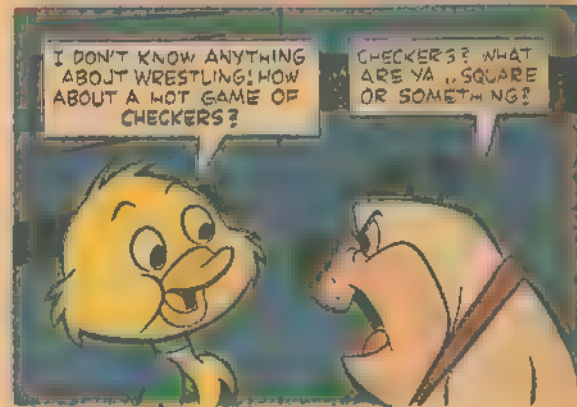
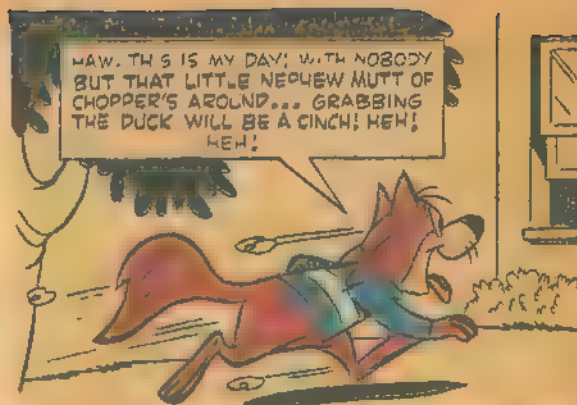
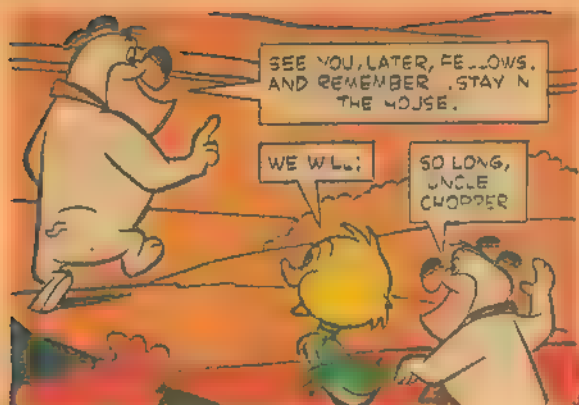
# ITTY-BITTY BUDDY-GUARD



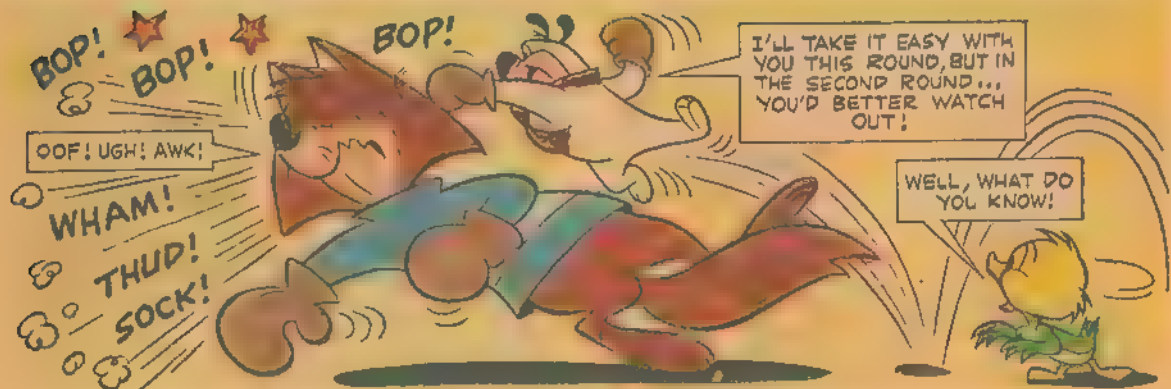
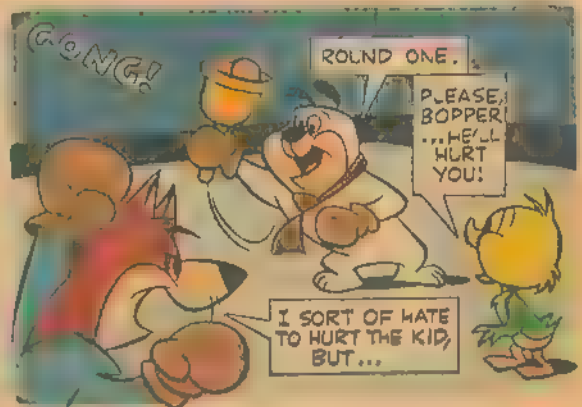
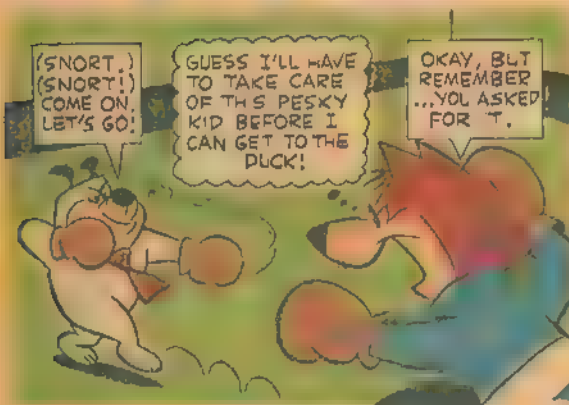
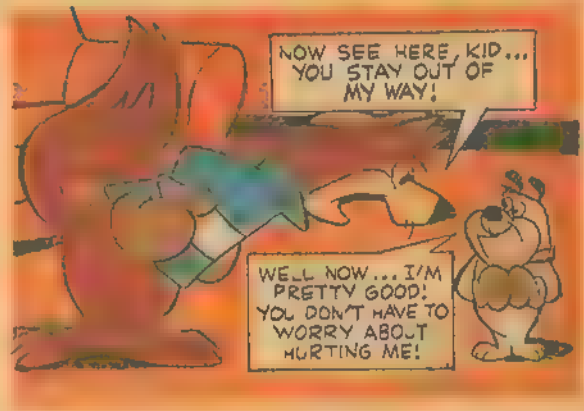
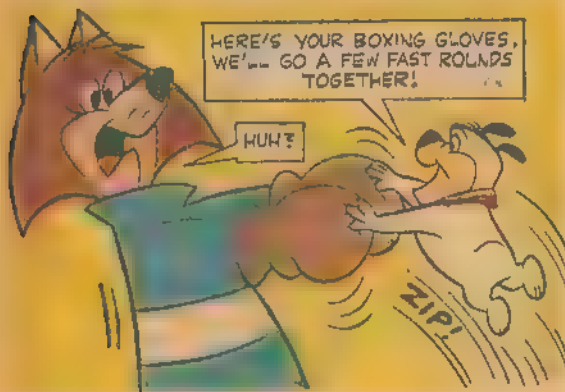
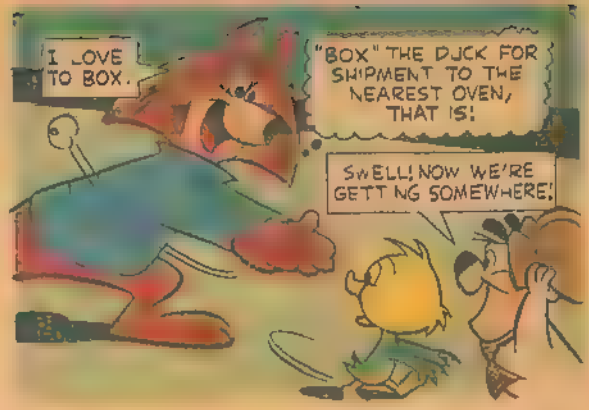
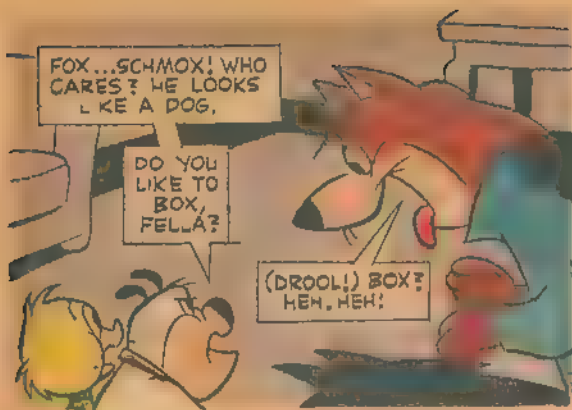




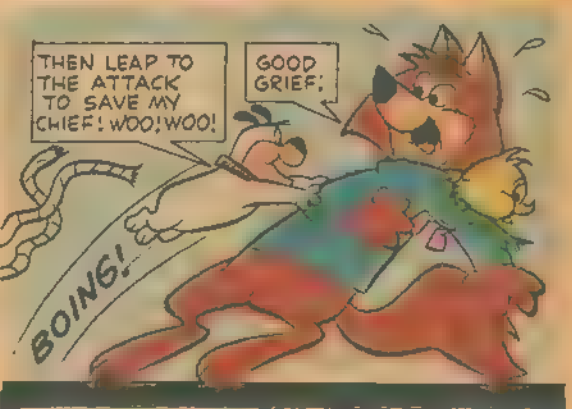
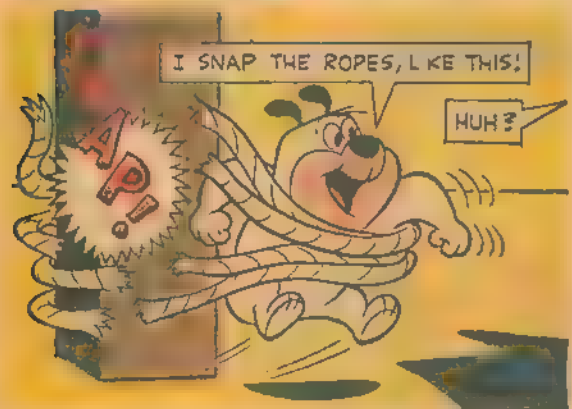
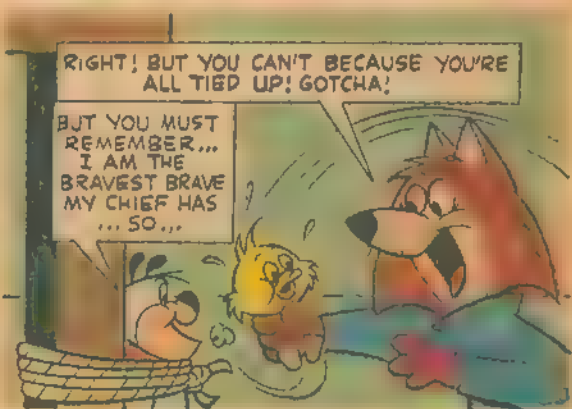
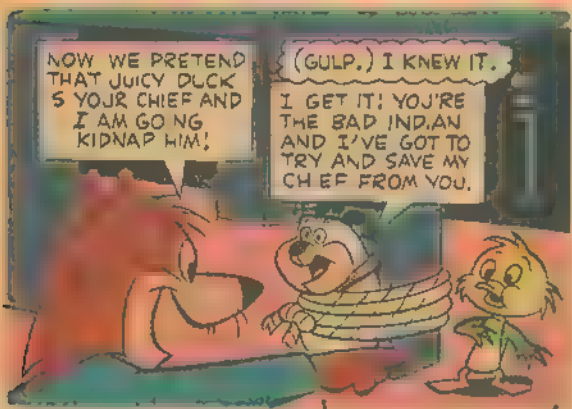
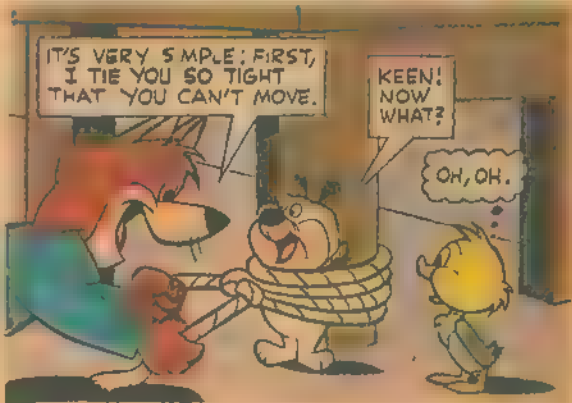
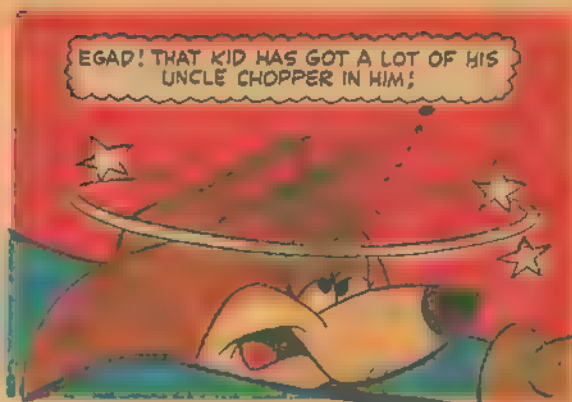
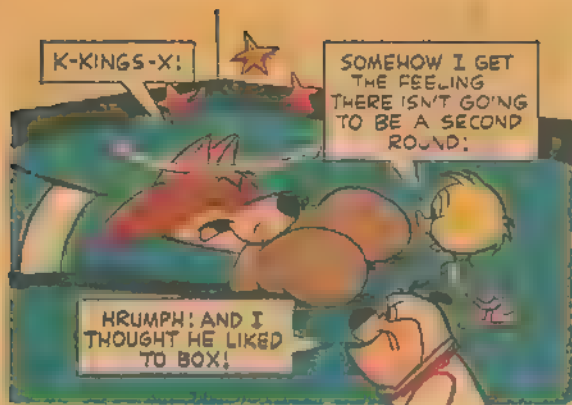




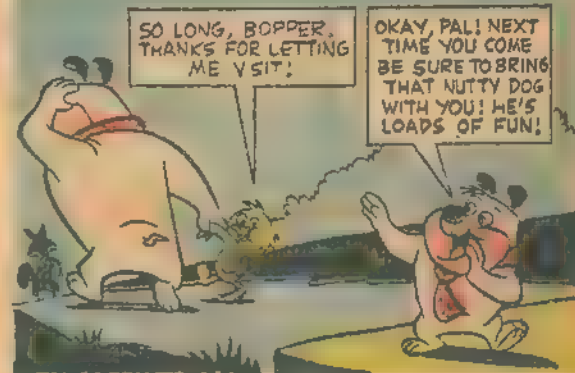
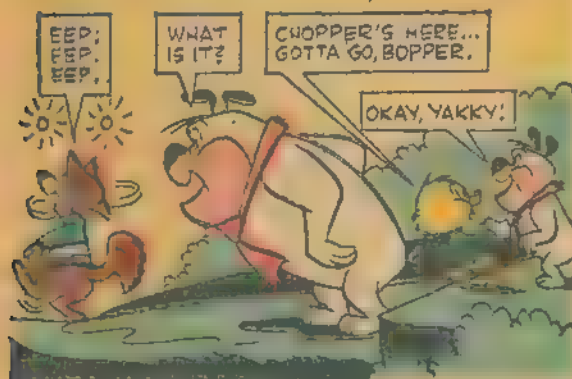
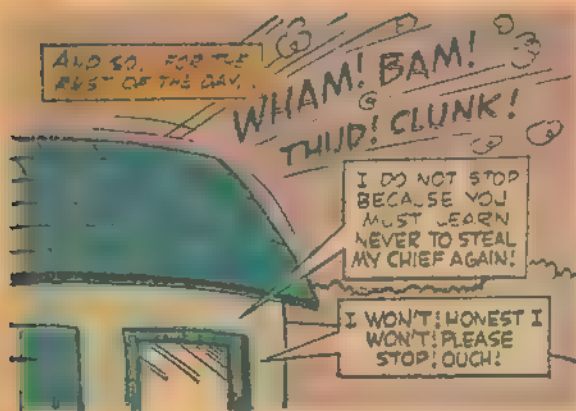
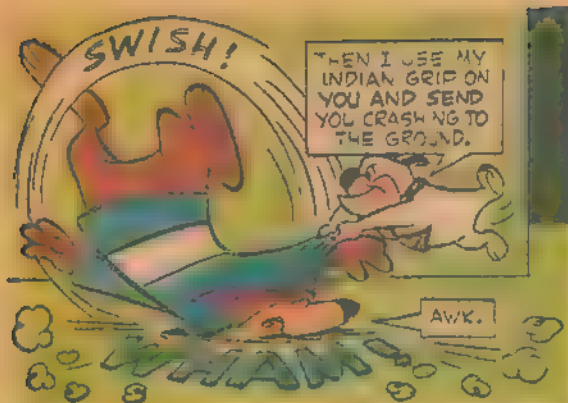








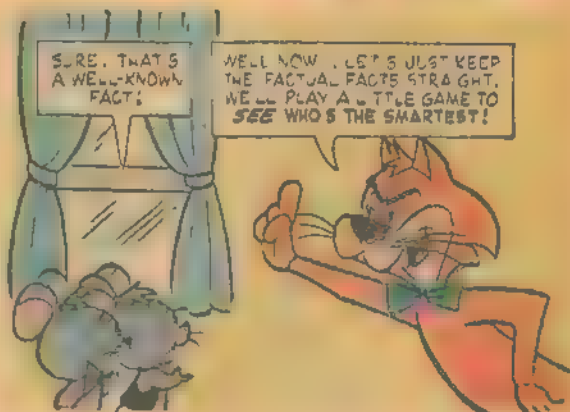
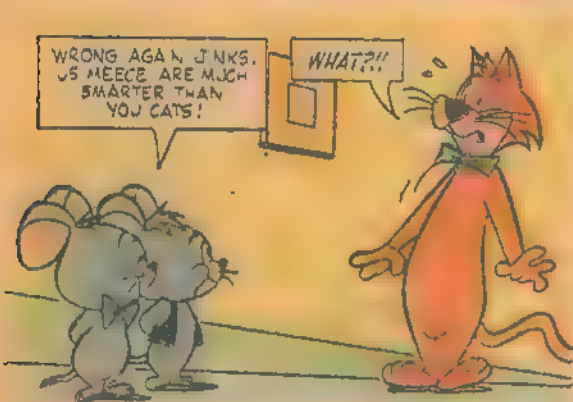
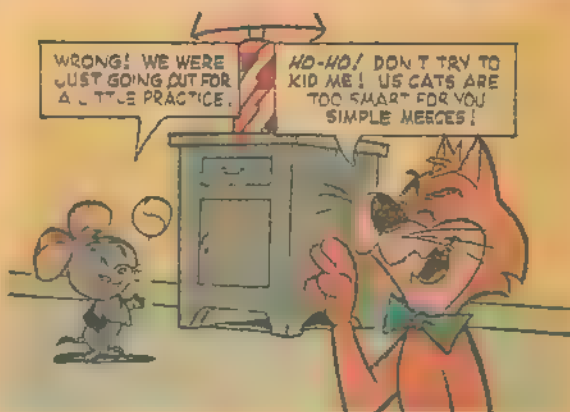
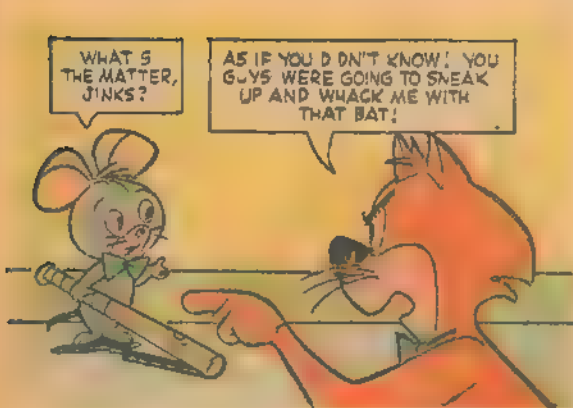
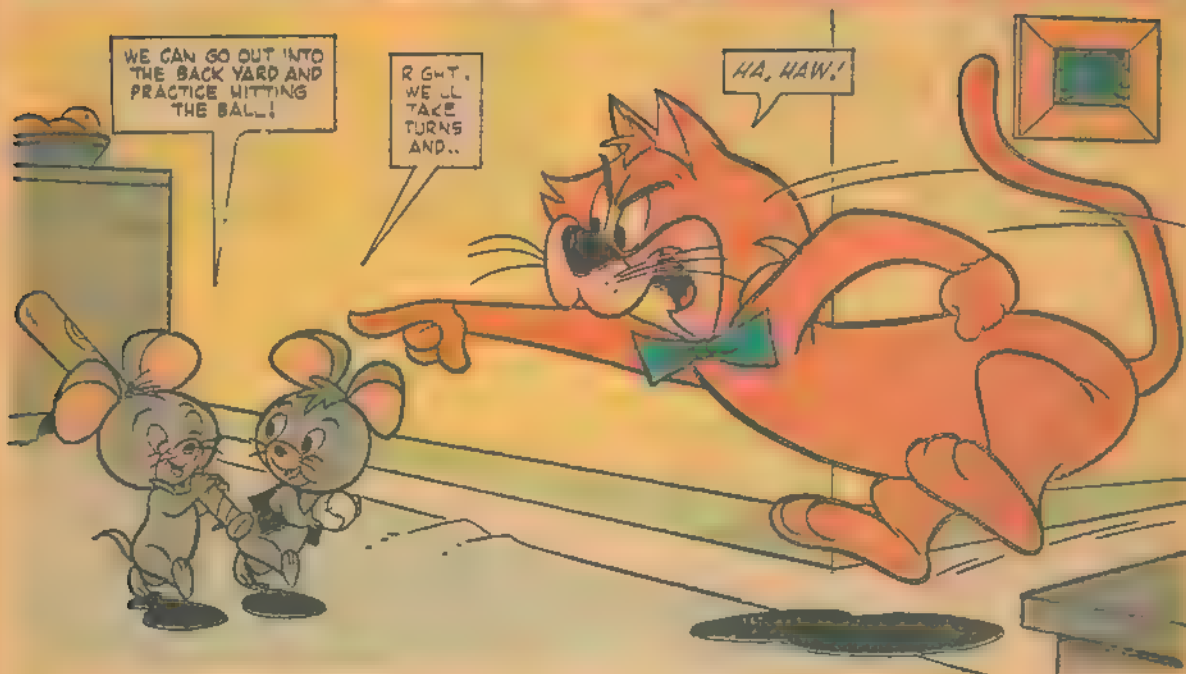




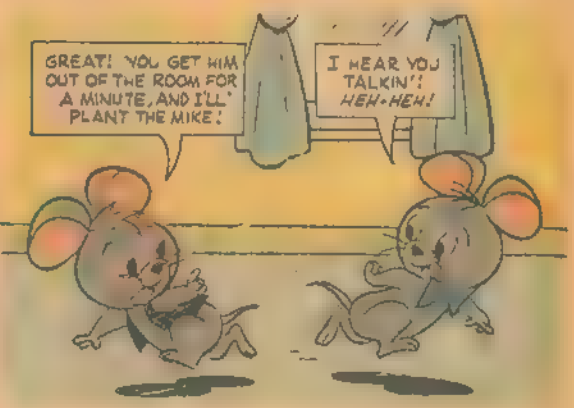
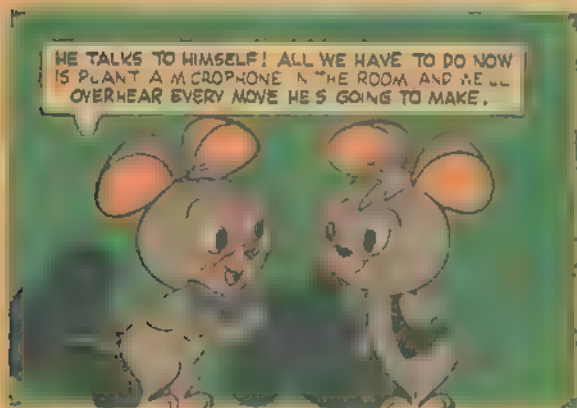
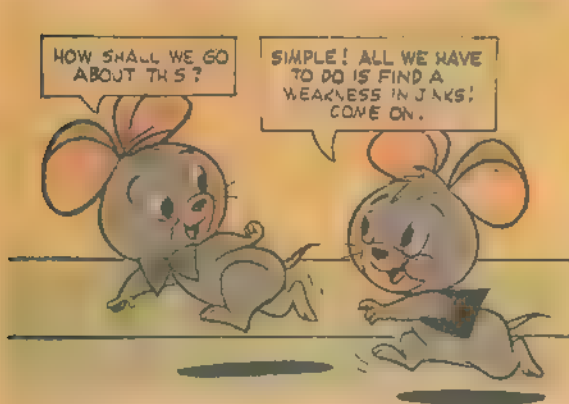
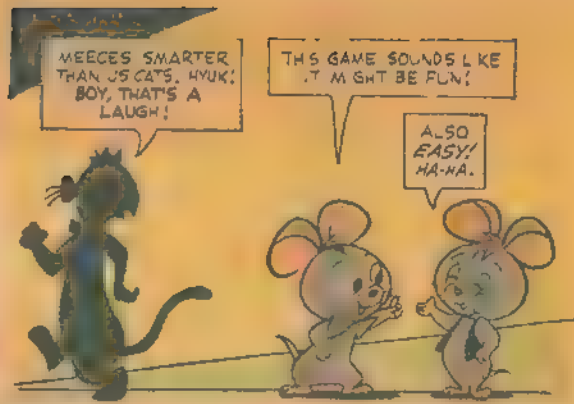
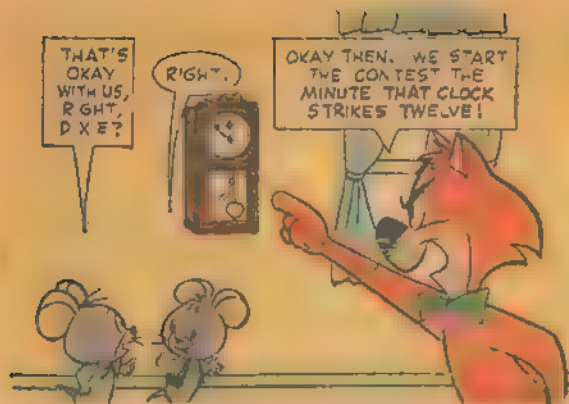


Felix, Dixie and  
Mr. Jinks

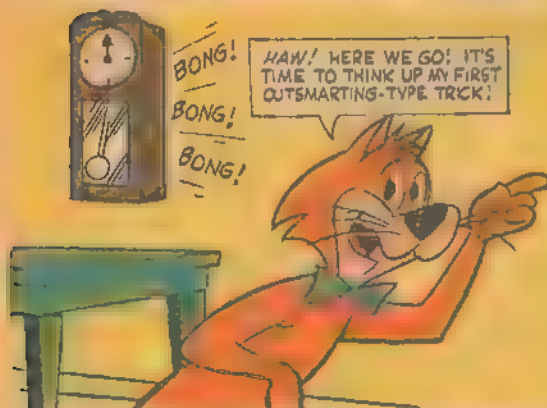
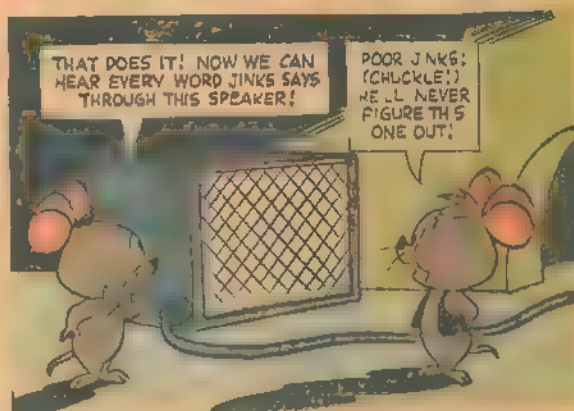
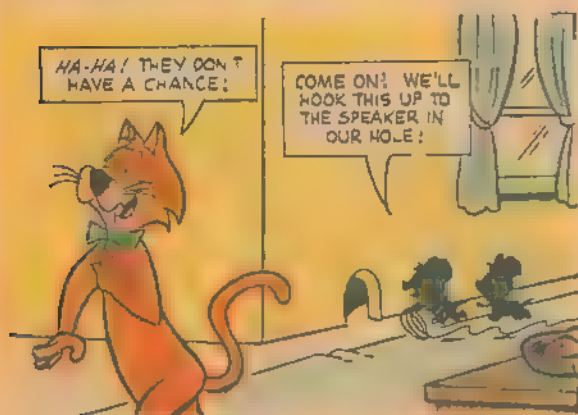
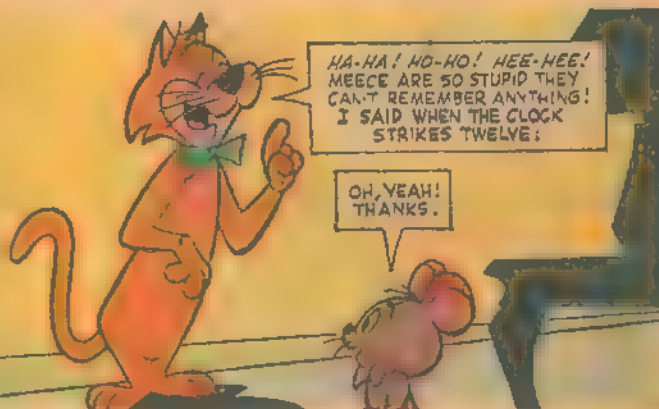
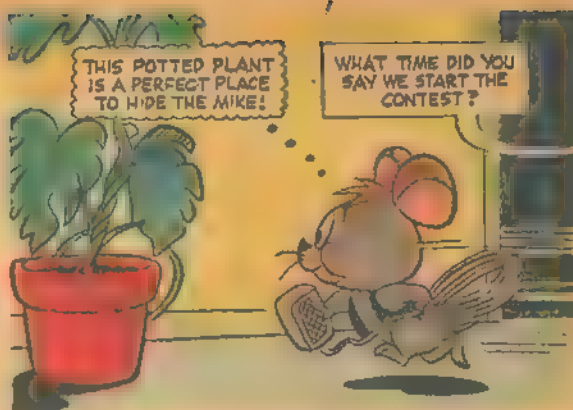
# TWO TOO MANY MIECES



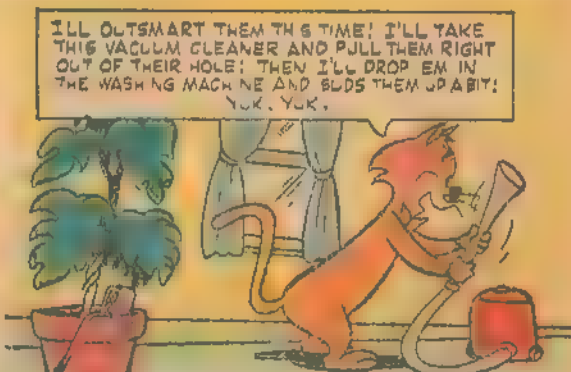
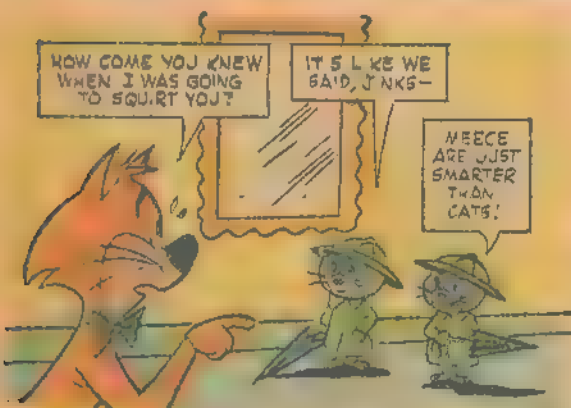
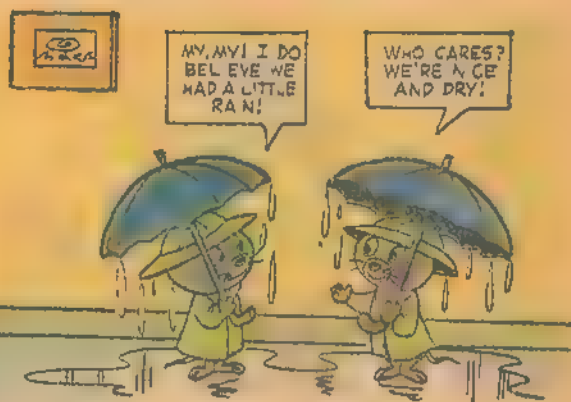
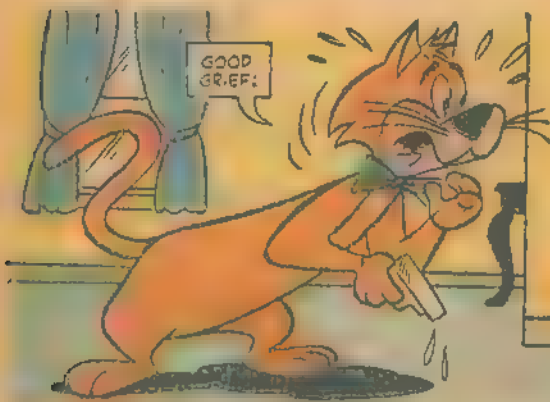
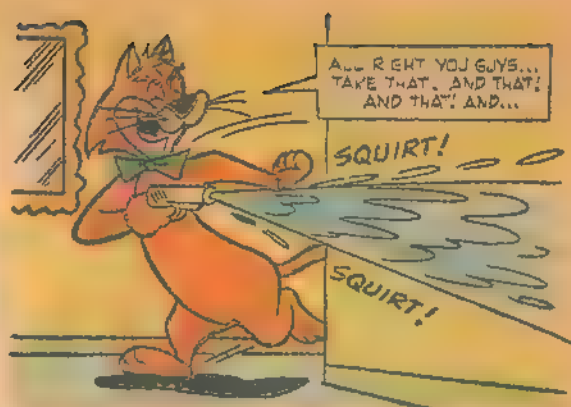


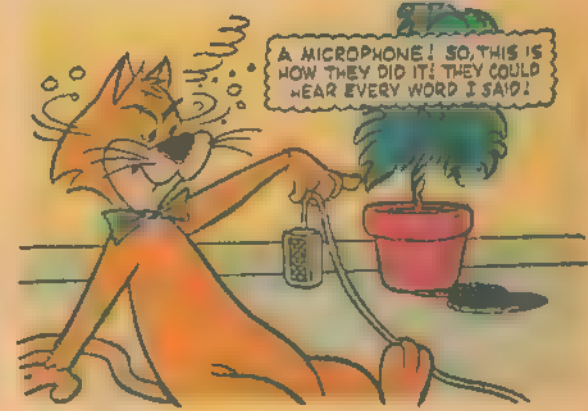
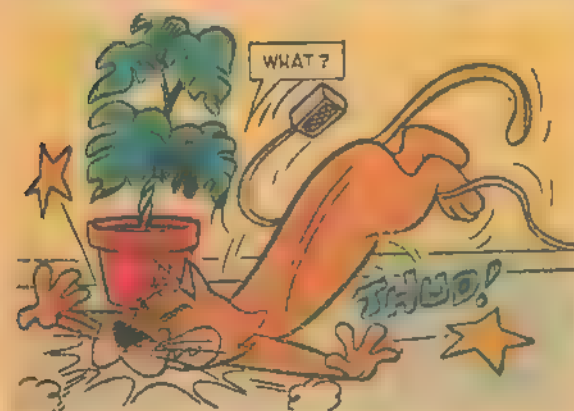
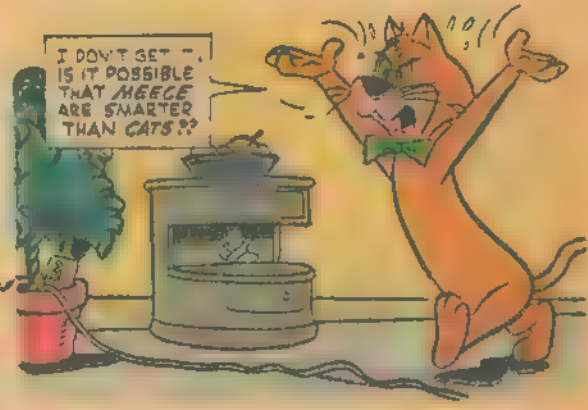
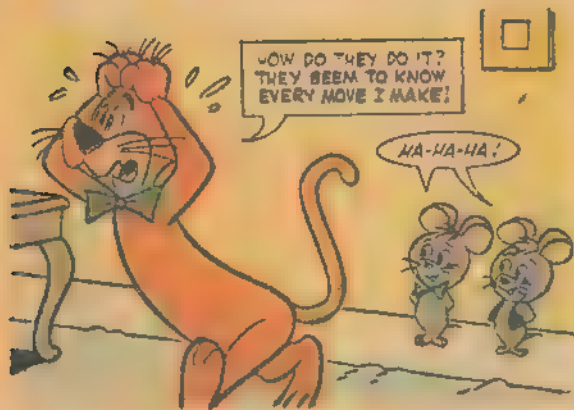
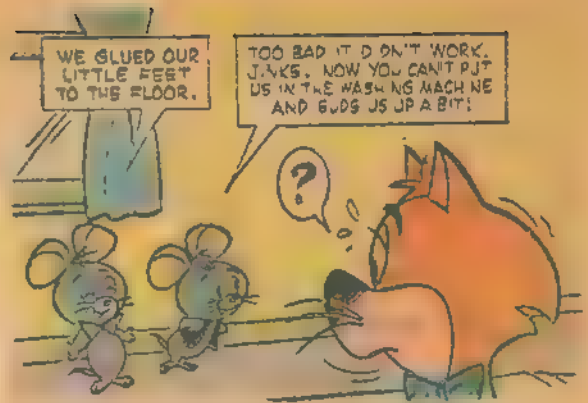




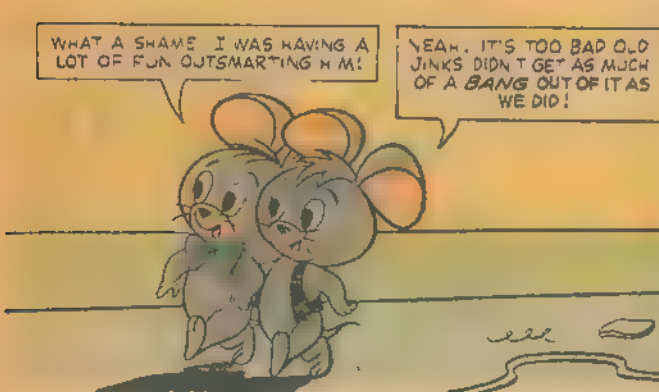
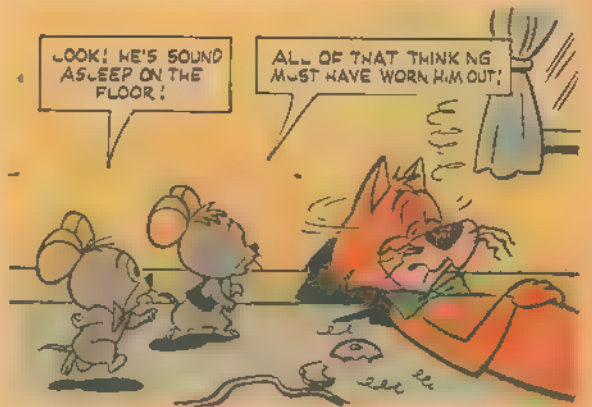
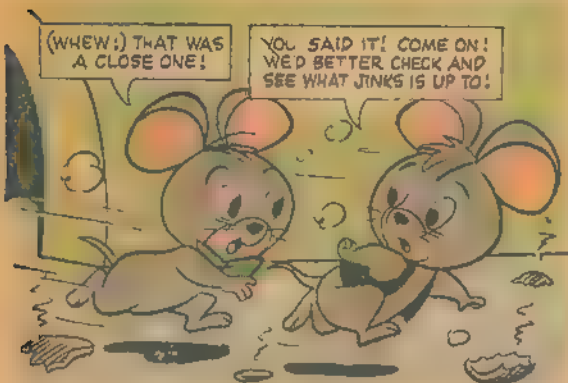
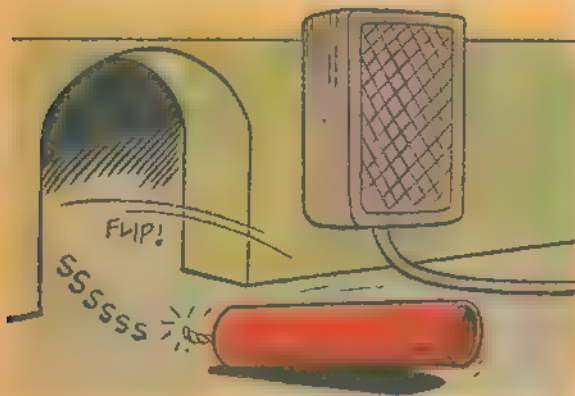
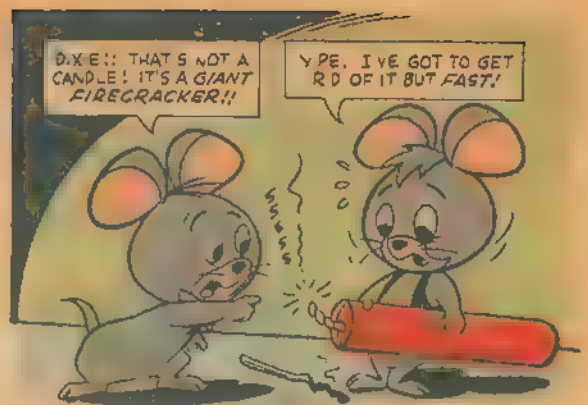
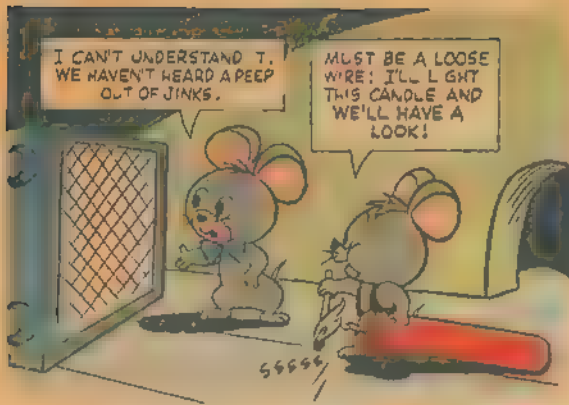




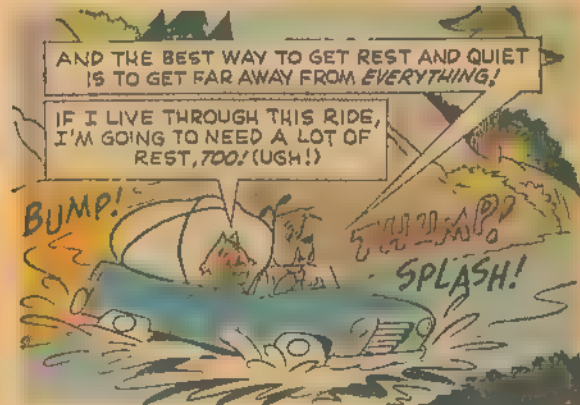
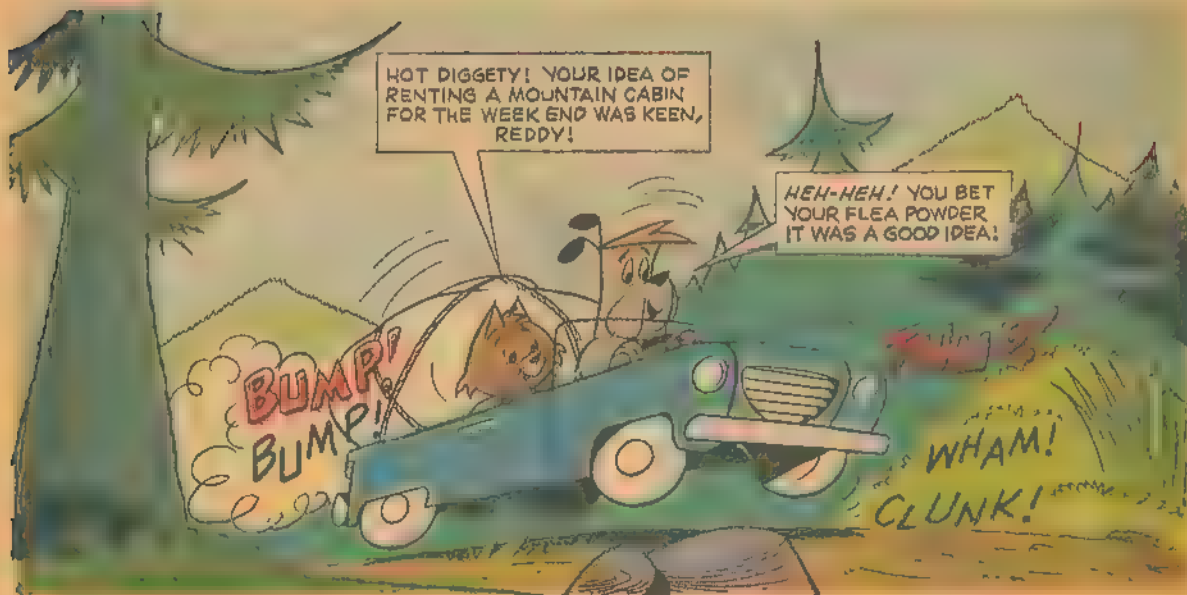




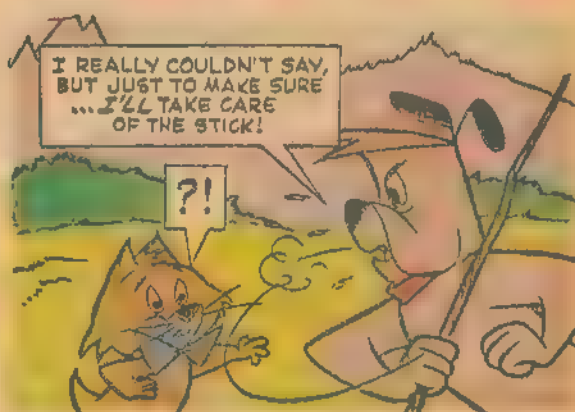
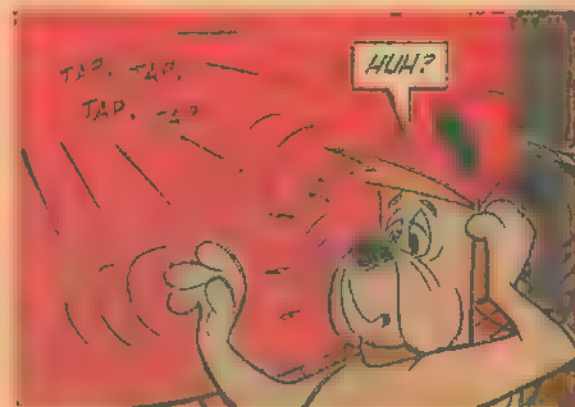
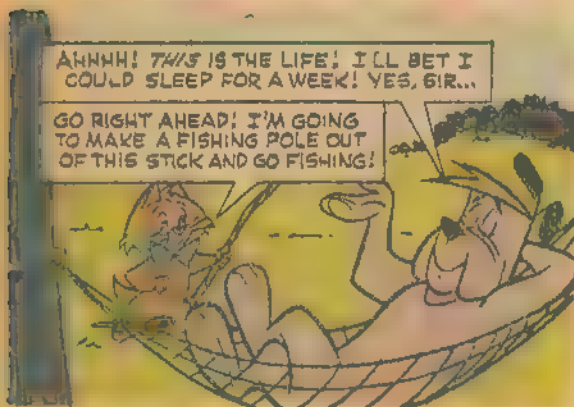
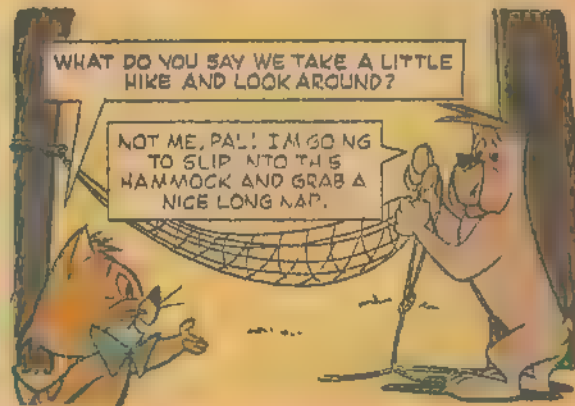
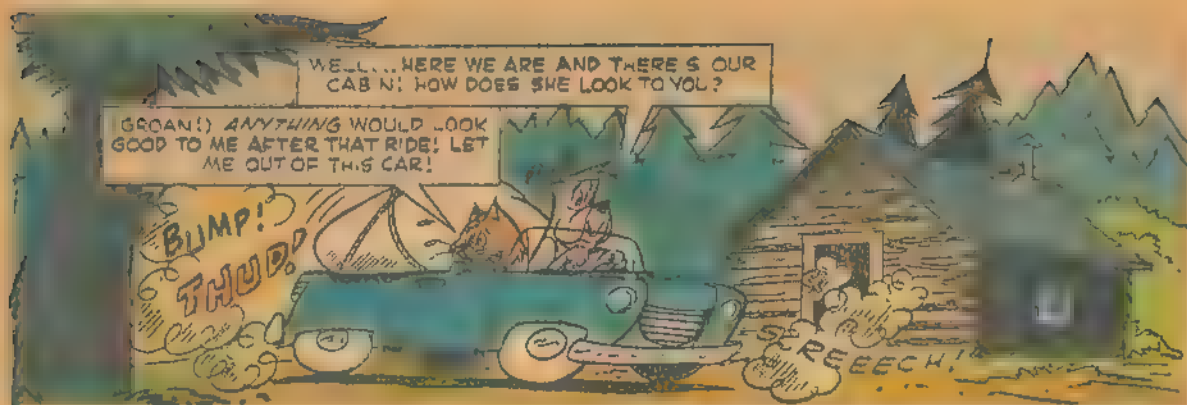


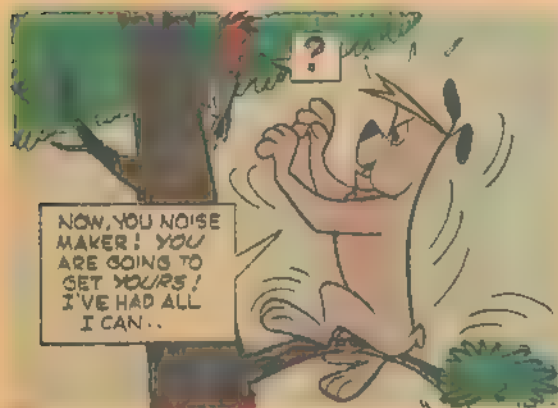
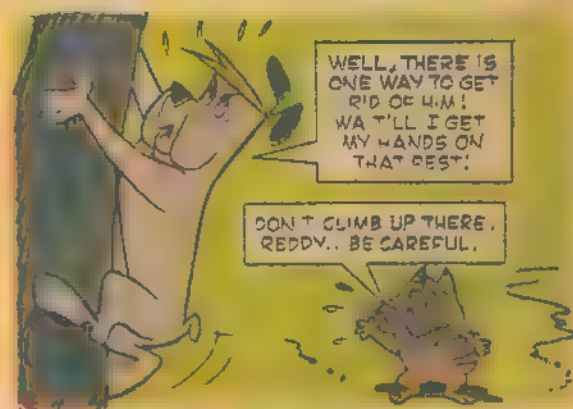
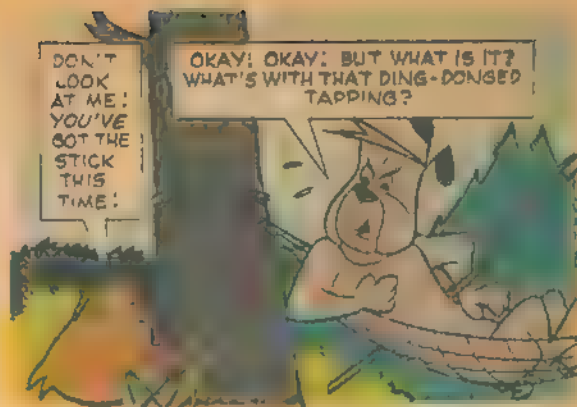


# RUFF AND REDDY TAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN

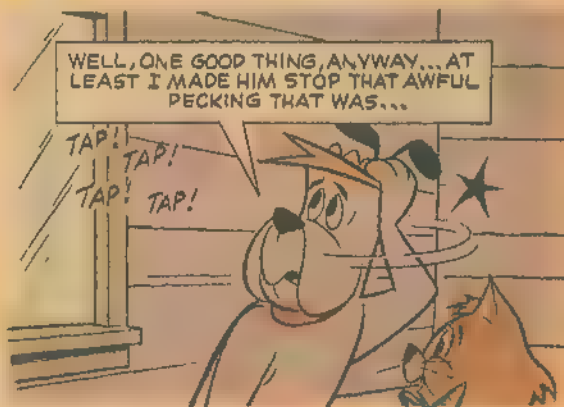
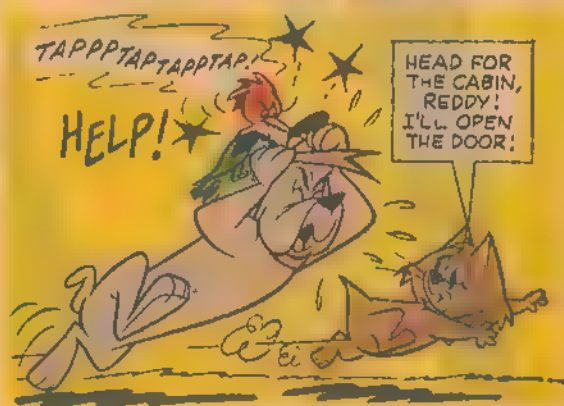
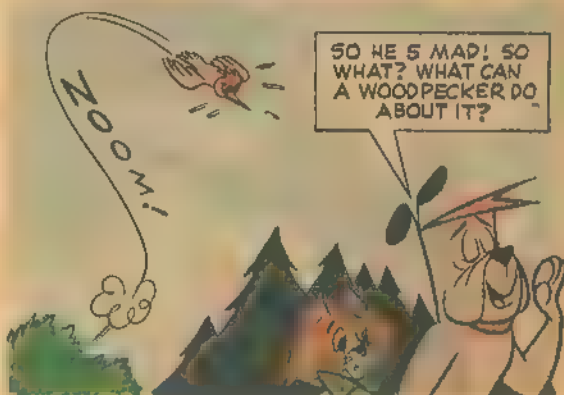
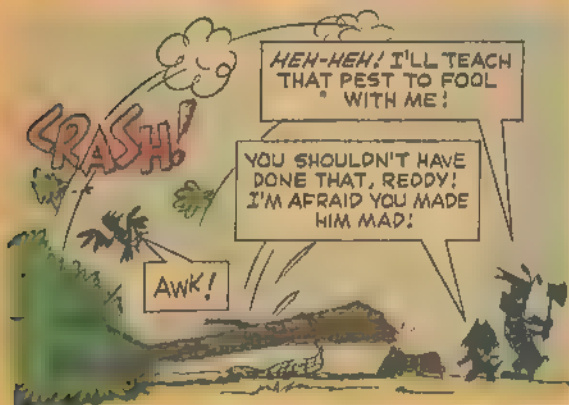


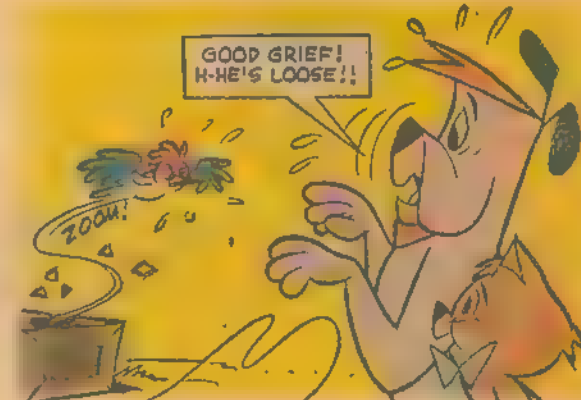
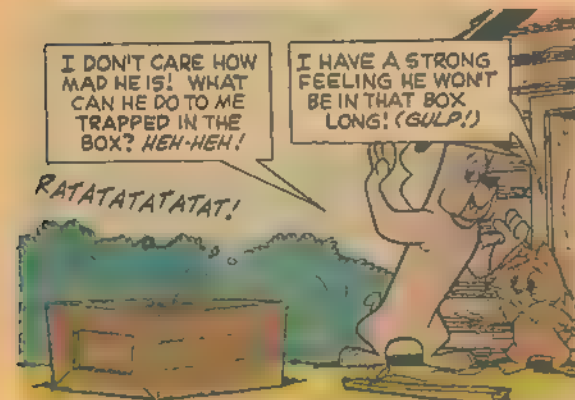
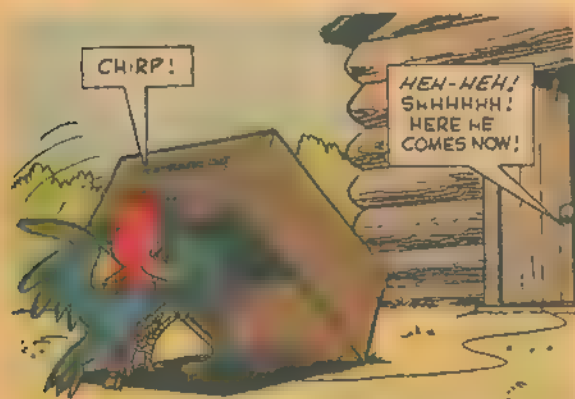
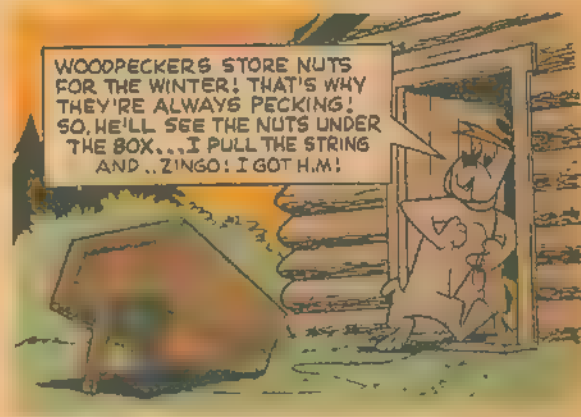
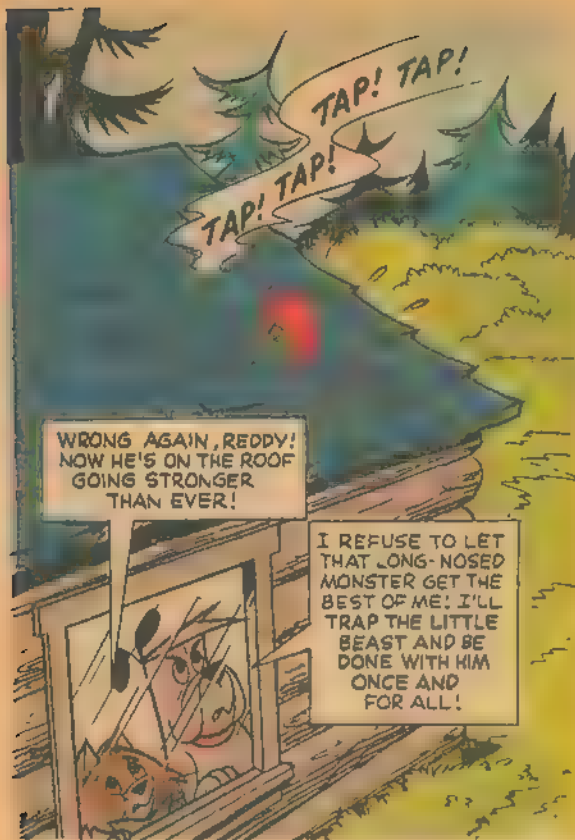




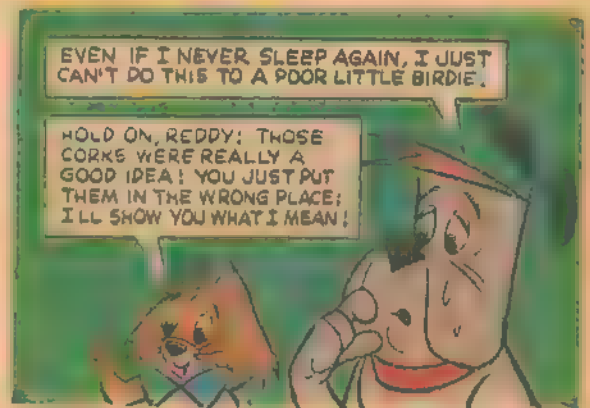
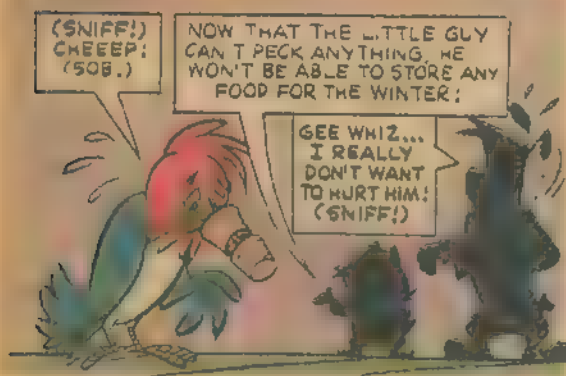
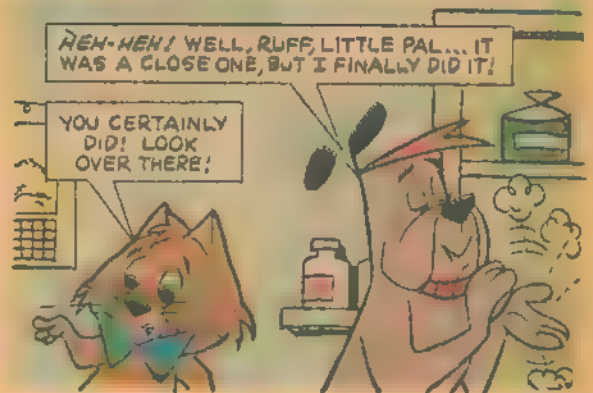
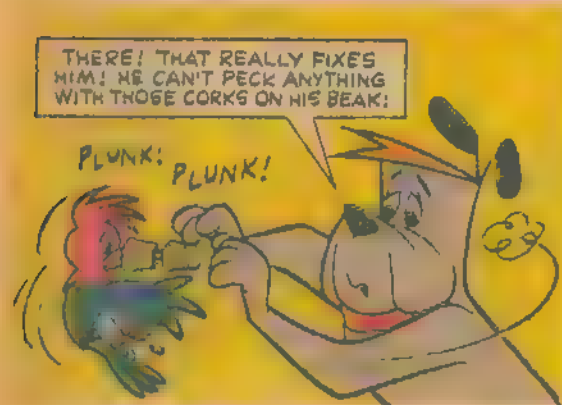
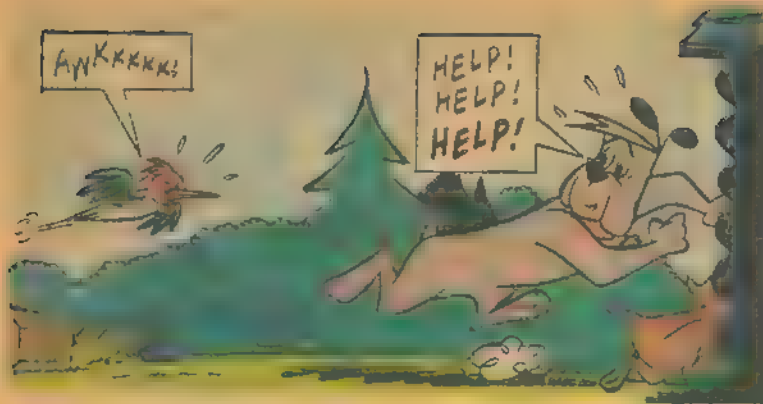




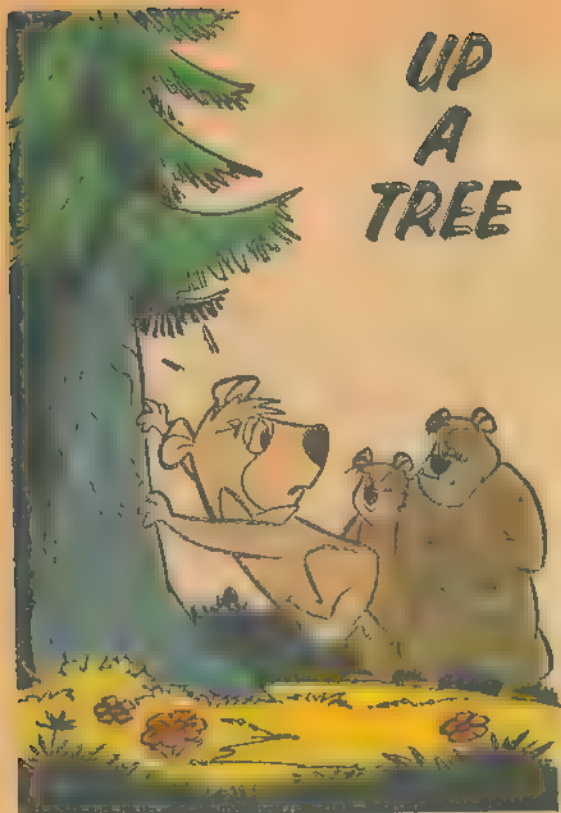








# UP A TREE



As Boo Boo wandered through the forest in Jellystone Park, he happened upon a big mother bear, with her two cubs, Ginger and Brownie, lunching on juicy berries. As Boo Boo came near, little Ginger exclaimed, "Look! A baby bear! Come eat with us!"

"I'm not a baby bear," said Boo Boo. "I'm just a small bear. But thanks, anyway."

As Boo Boo joined the group, the big mother bear scarcely looked at him.

"Are you really a grown-up bear?" asked Brownie curiously.

"Yes, sir!" answered Boo Boo emphatically. "I'm a small-size type grownup."

"Will you play with us?" Ginger asked.

"Sure," said Boo Boo, "after lunch."

Lunch was almost over, when suddenly another big bear appeared. He was the hugest bear Boo Boo had ever seen, and he growled menacingly at the cubs. At that, the mother bear turned to her cubs and ordered briskly, "Climb that tree! Quick!" emphasizing her orders with a pat of her paw. Quickly, the cubs obeyed, speedily reaching the treetop.

"You, too," she snapped at Boo Boo.

Boo Boo turned to look at the huge bear. Growling, he was coming close, with teeth

bared. Boo Boo scooted for the tree and the safety of the upper branches.

As Boo Boo and the cubs watched, the two big bears faced each other, as if ready for battle. But then the growling turned to low soft sounds, and soon the two grownups went off together, without so much as a backward glance at the cubs.

"They're gone," said Boo Boo. "We can get down now."

"Oh, no," said Ginger. "Mother always makes us climb high in a tree to wait for her when danger appears."

"And we can't get down till she says so," added Brownie. "So let's play games, till she comes back."

Boo Boo and the cubs played swing-around-the-branch, guessing games, and treetop tag. Time went on, and at sunset, the mother bear had not yet returned.

"I must be getting home," said Boo Boo, starting down the tree.

"I'm hungry," said Ginger.

"Me, too," said Brownie. "Don't leave us, Boo Boo. Stay till mother comes back."

Boo Boo waited until darkness fell, and then he knew that the cubs' mother would never return for her children. This was a bear's way of putting her young on their own, for the cubs were grown enough to fend for themselves. By the next day, hunger would force the little bears to seek food and to start a new life, without a mother. But the thought of leaving the little ones in the tree, hopefully waiting for their mother through the long night, was too much for Boo Boo to bear.

"You'd better come home with me," he said. "Your mother won't be coming back."

"Why not?" asked Ginger.

"Because now you're grown up," Boo Boo explained, "and it's time you took care of yourselves. You'll have to find a cave to live in and hunt for your own food. You can stay with me tonight, and tomorrow, I'll help you start out on your own."

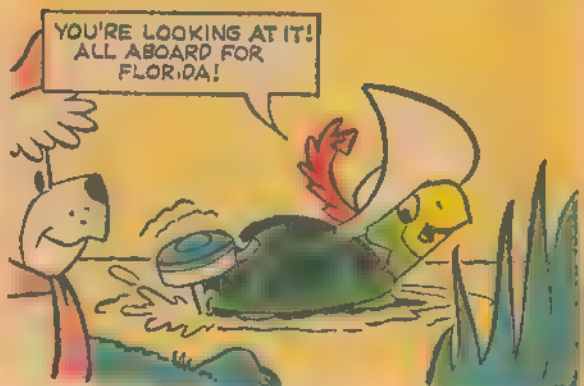
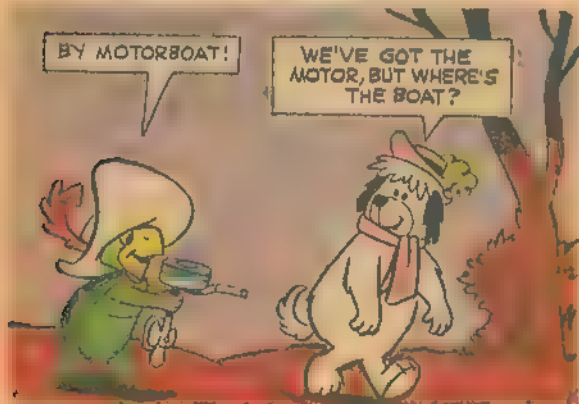
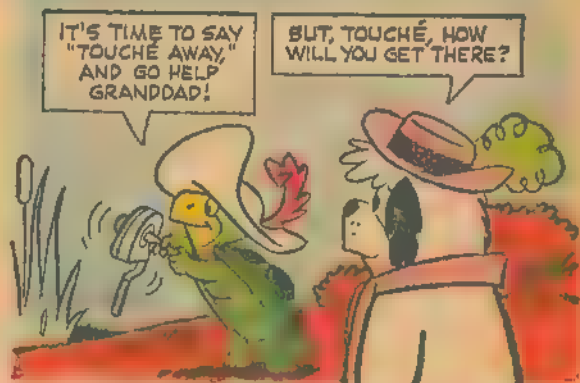
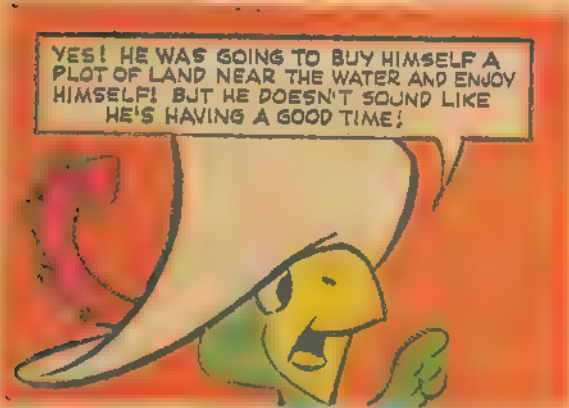
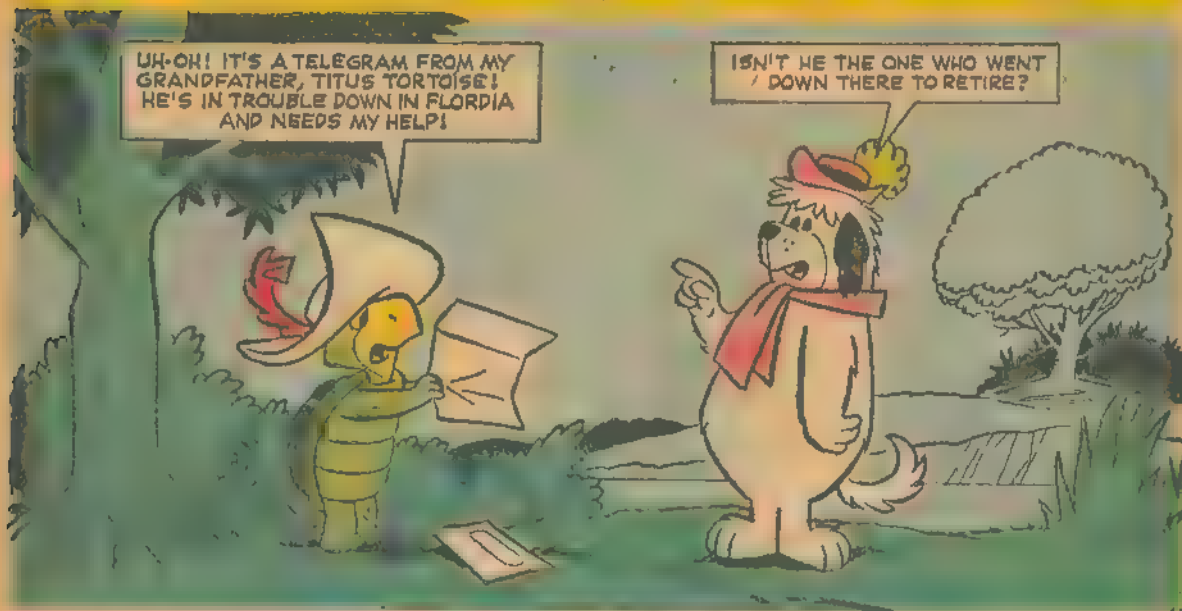
The little bears considered Boo Boo's words, and intuition told them he was right.

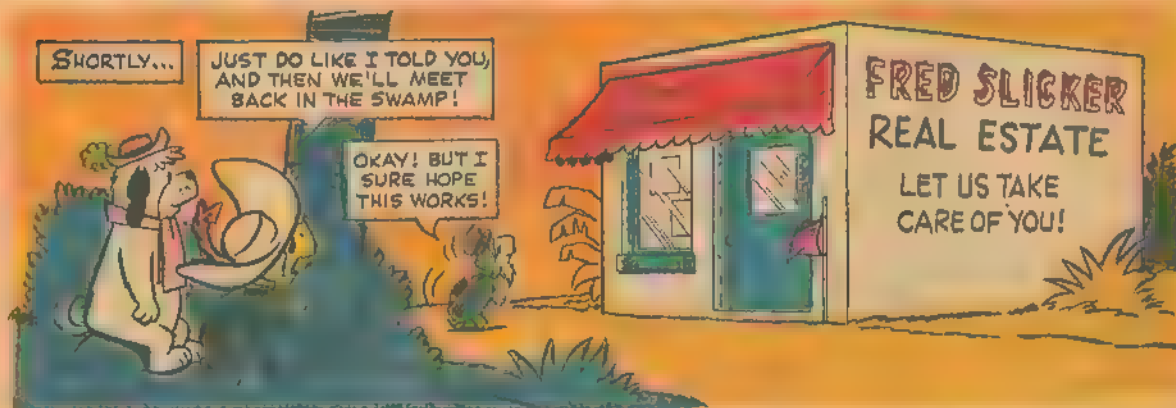
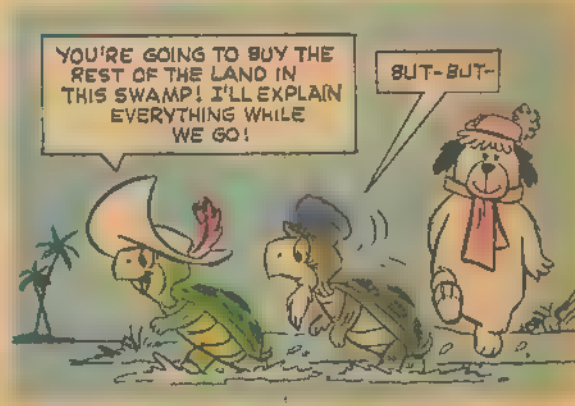
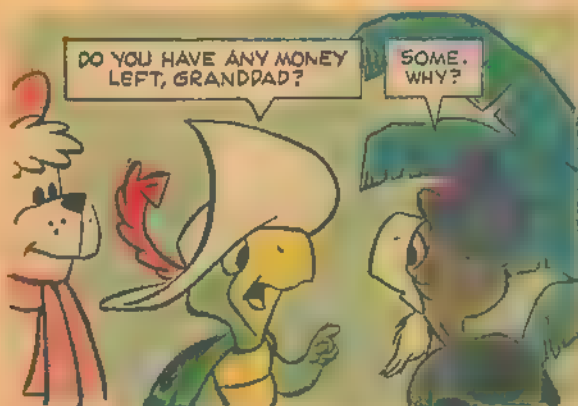
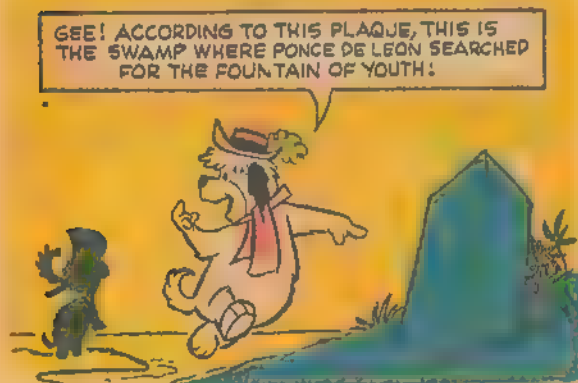
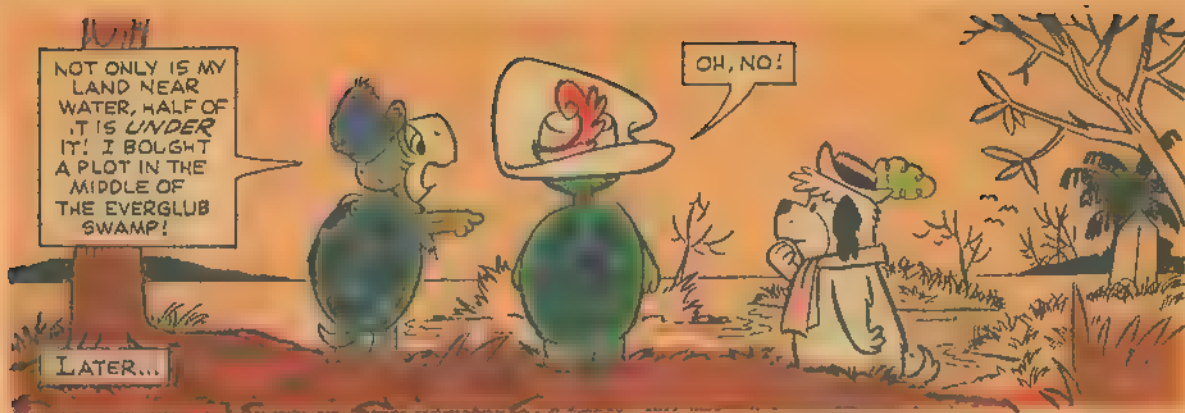
As they all started off, Boo Boo sighed. "I couldn't leave these cubs up a tree, like that, tonight, but tomorrow, they'll have to go, just like I did when my mother left me up a tree."



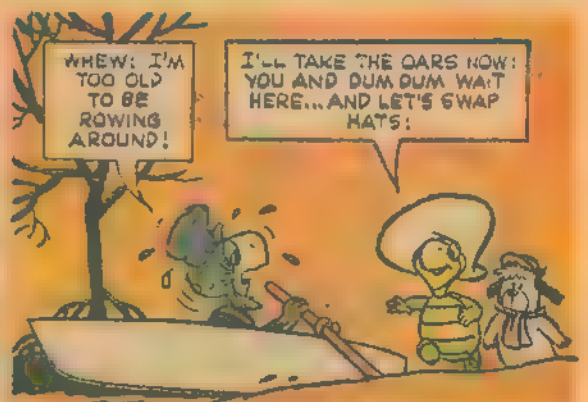
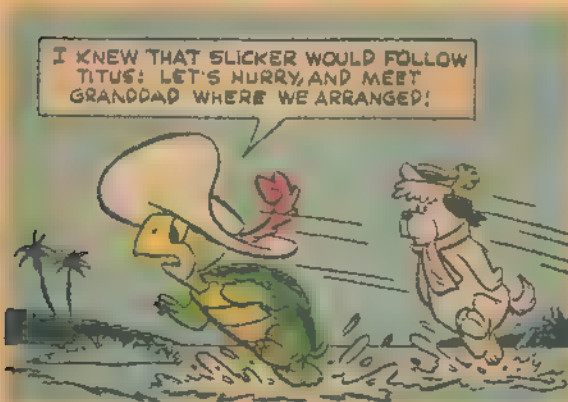
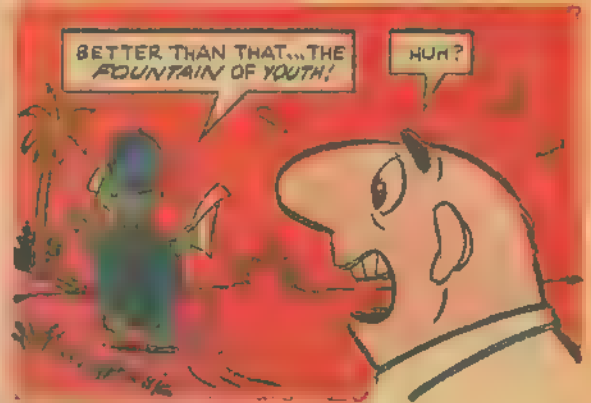
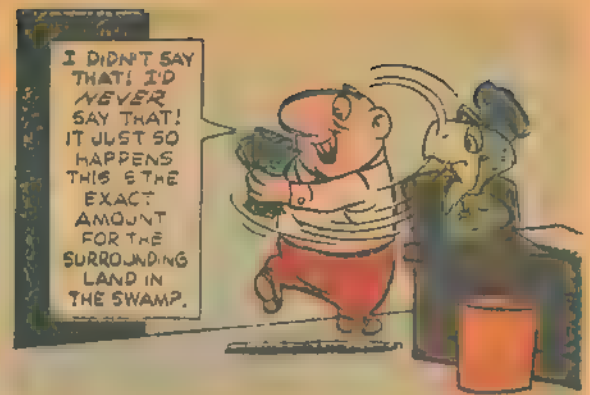
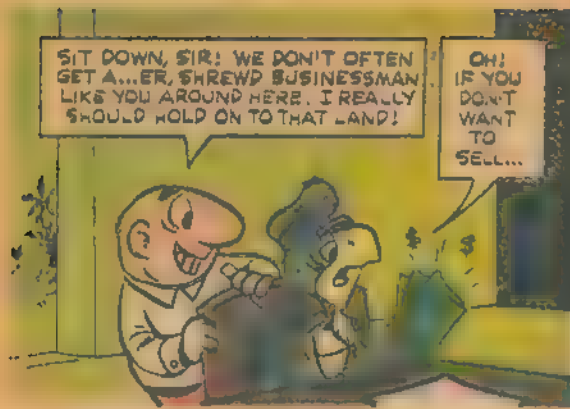
**TOUCHÉ TURTLE**  
and DUM DUM

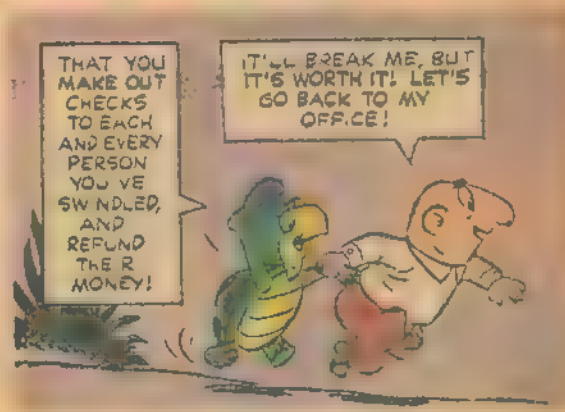
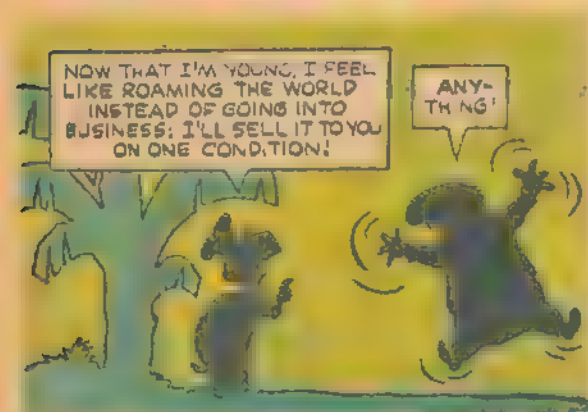
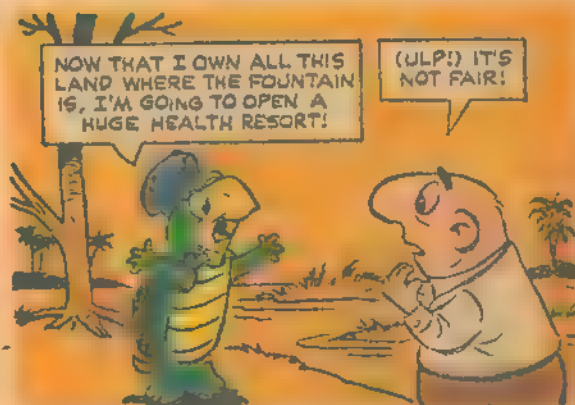
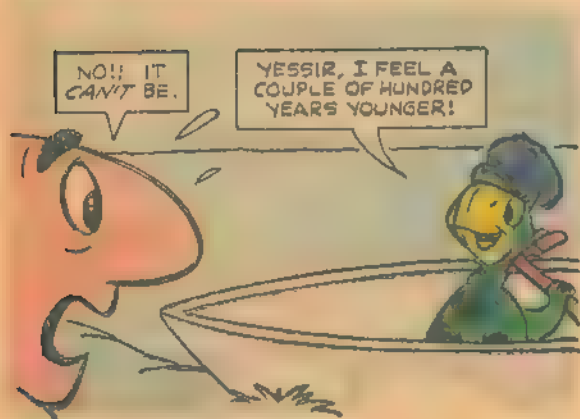
# SOME SWAMP SWAPPING



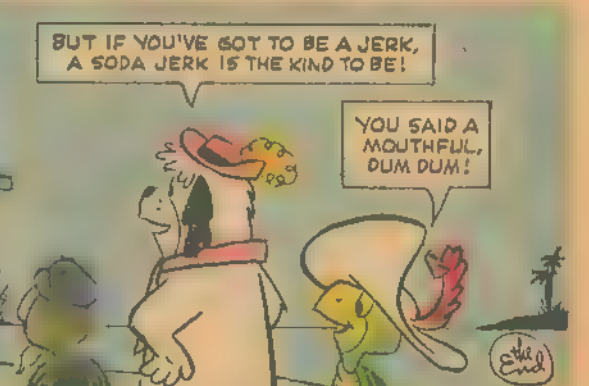
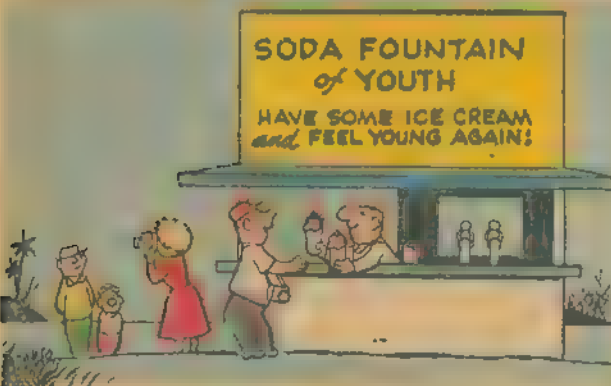
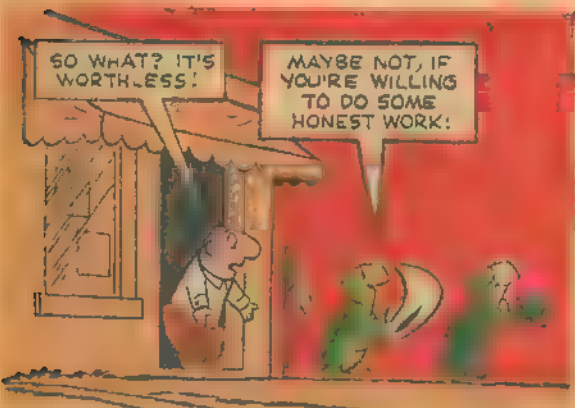
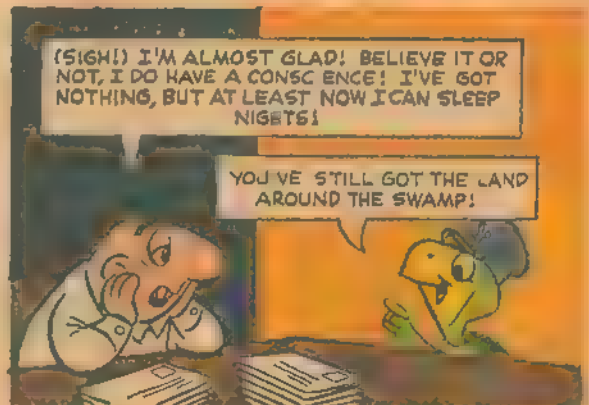
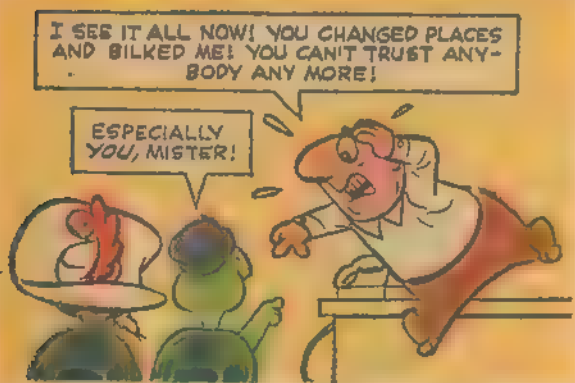
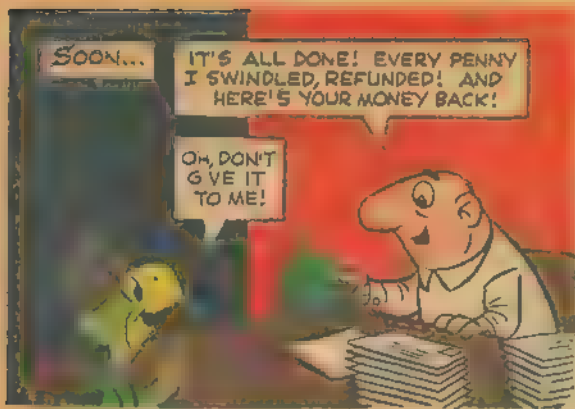












# THE APPALACHIAN TRAIL



© 1962, WESTERN PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC.

The Appalachian Trail, often described as "the fabulous footway," is the longest marked footpath in the world. It extends through 2050 miles of wilderness from Mount Katahdin in Maine, to Mount Oglethorpe in Georgia. Leading from the granite peaks of New England through the Blue Ridge Mountains to the misty Smokies, it ends in the more rounding hills of the South. In general, it follows the ridge of the Appalachian Mountains, in eastern United States, through parts of New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, West Virginia, Virginia, Tennessee, and North Carolina.

Work on the trail was started in 1921, largely through the initiative of Benton MacKaye, a forester with a dream. It was completed in 1938, through the efforts of numerous Appalachian Trail Clubs and by the National Park Service, where it passes through the Great Smoky and Shenandoah National Parks.

About half of the trail moves over publicly owned land and is maintained by park and forest services. The rest of the trail is kept

up by the Trail Clubs and many individuals along the way. Together, they make up the Appalachian Trail Conference, which makes final decisions regarding the trail. Receiving no pay for their labor, they work for the love of the trail and what it offers in recreation, appreciation of nature, and the advancement of scientific knowledge. They renew markings, keep the path passable, and maintain campsites, open shelters, and permanent camps along the way. Maintenance is constant, as the growth and storms quickly undo their work.

The Appalachian Trail cuts across the main travel routes from the Atlantic coast to the interior of the country. It offers breathtaking views, as it climbs mountain peaks, crosses major rivers, parallels Indian trails, passes large and small lakes, and winds through thick forests. Many side trails lead to canyons, groves of giant trees, or remote settlements, where life is much the same as it was a few hundred years ago. Along the trail, numerous animals; birds, insects, trees, shrubs and wildflowers are seen. Rattlesnakes and copperheads cross the trail, and porcupines prove to be amusing pests along the way.

Skirting towns and cutting through farmlands, one part or another of the Appalachian Trail is within easy reach of half of the people in the United States, and countless numbers travel some part of it every year. Anyone in normal good health can enjoy a hike on the trail, as it does not require any special skill or training. Basic rules must be observed, however, and thorough preparation should be made for an extensive trip. At all times, the hiker is urged to use caution over rough or steep parts, wear proper clothing for elevation and time of year, and plan for shelter and food, before starting out.

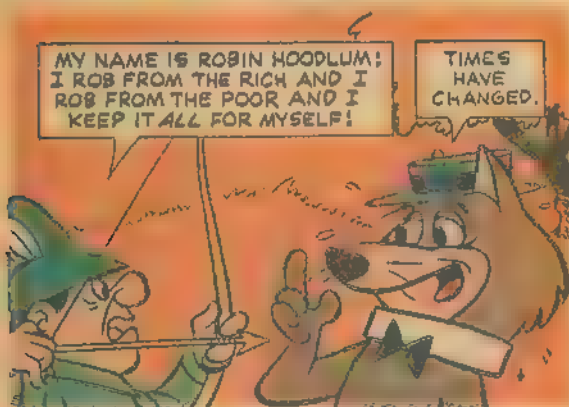
Records show that the first person to walk its entire length was Earl C. Shaffer of York, Pennsylvania. Traveling alone, he left Mount Oglethorpe on April 14, 1948, and arrived at Mount Katahdin on August 5, 1948. He averaged seventeen miles a day during his four months on the trail.

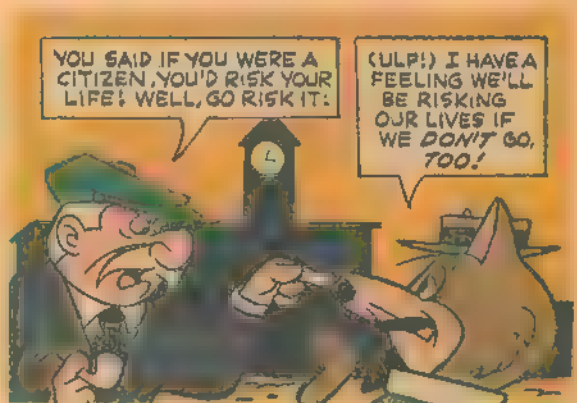
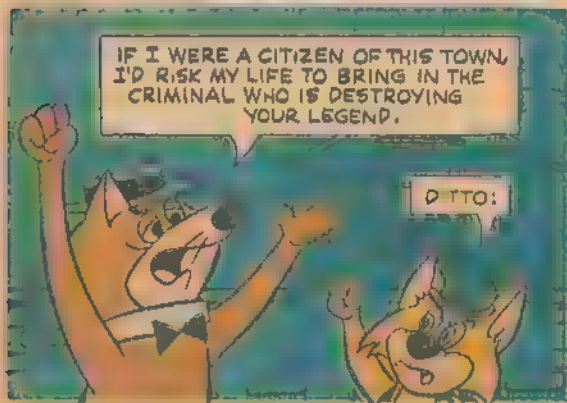
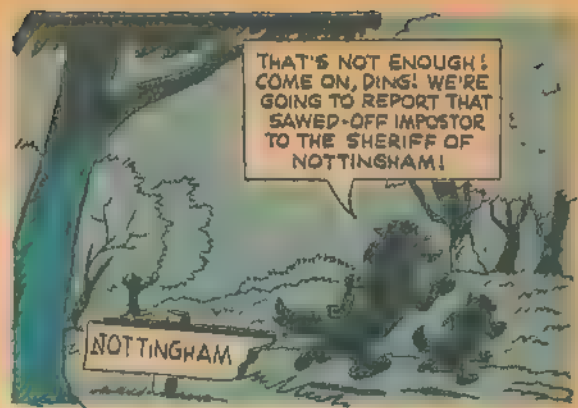
Whether traveling a few miles or many, alone or in a group, hikers heartily agree, however, that the Appalachian Trail is indeed "the fabulous footway."

H.B. SANDWAGON #2-6210 (89)

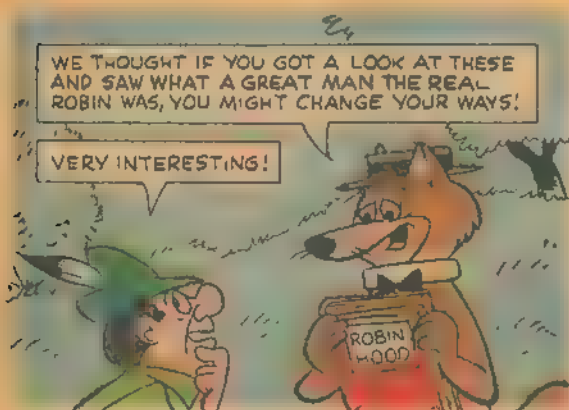
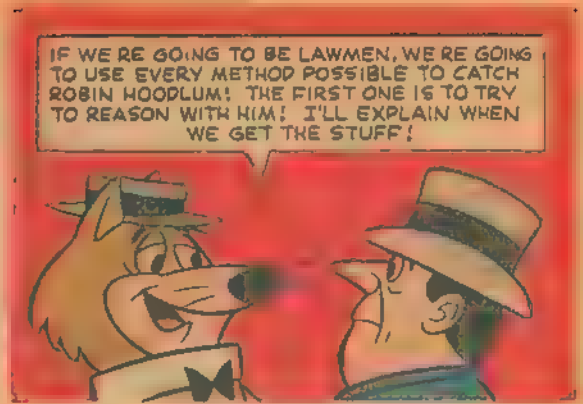
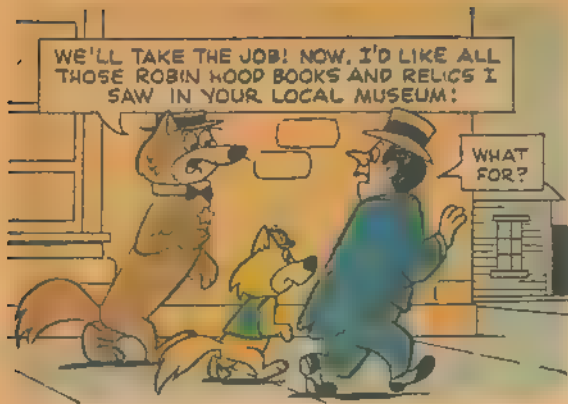


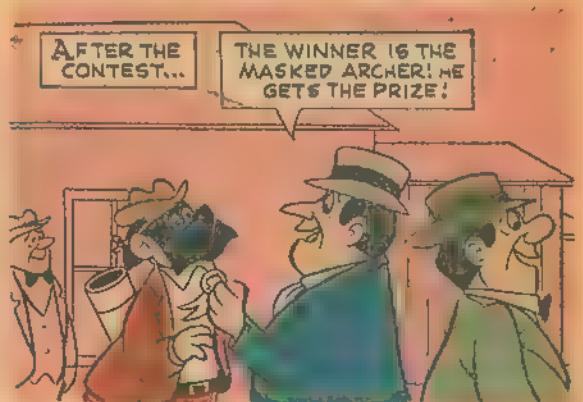
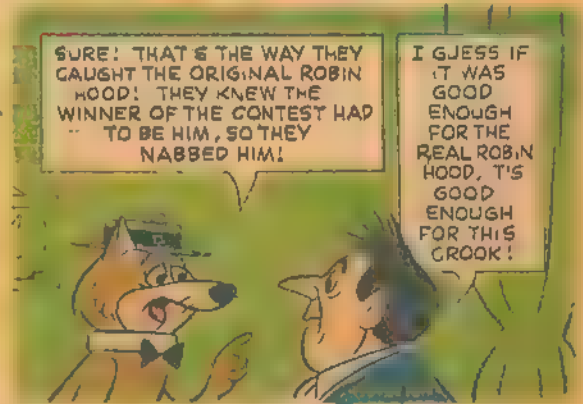
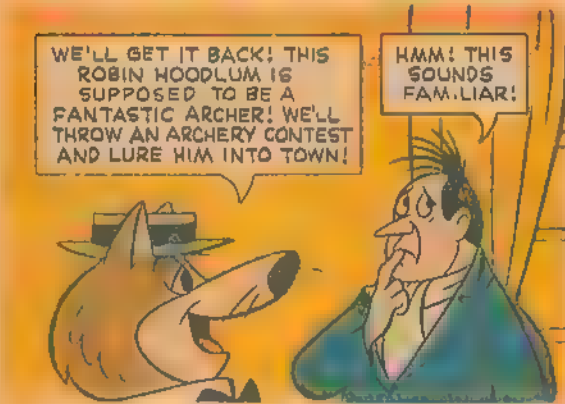
# THE ROBIN WASN'T A BIRD



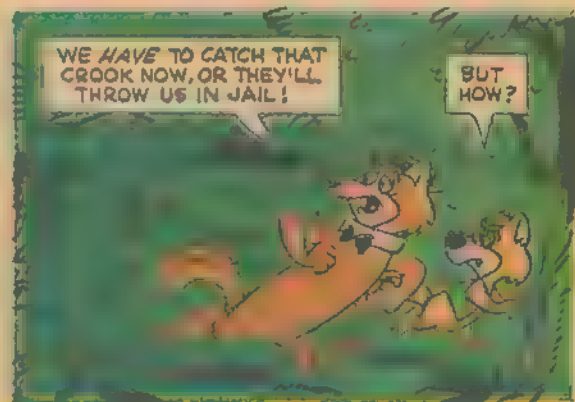
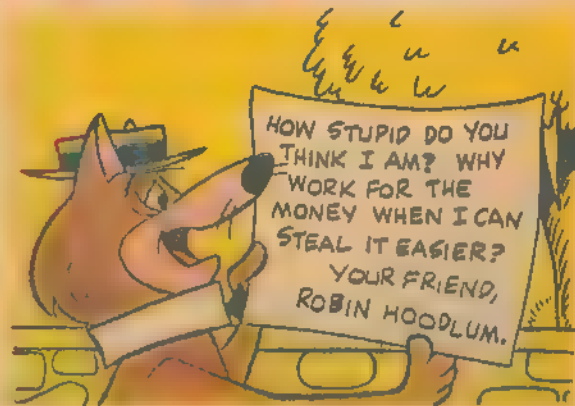
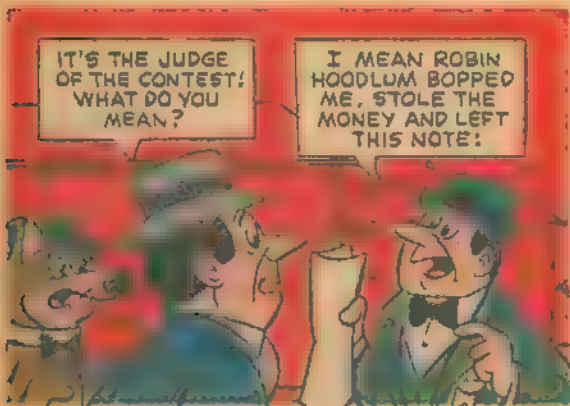
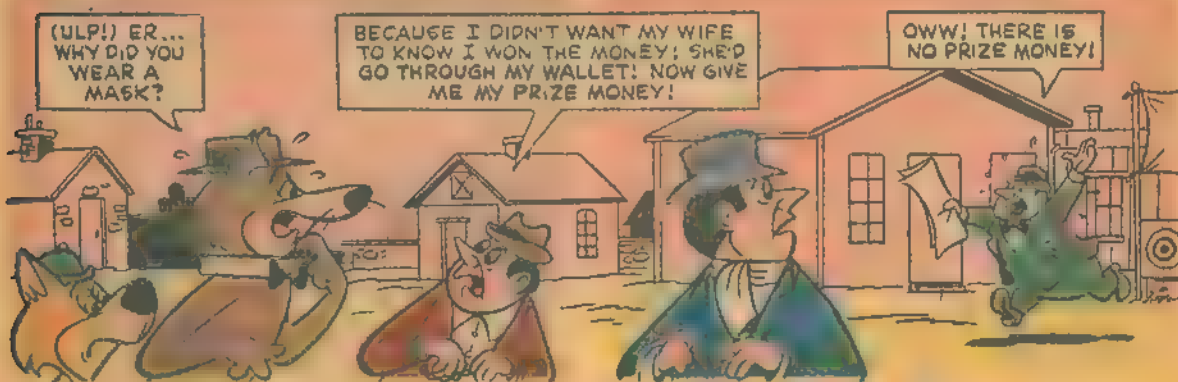
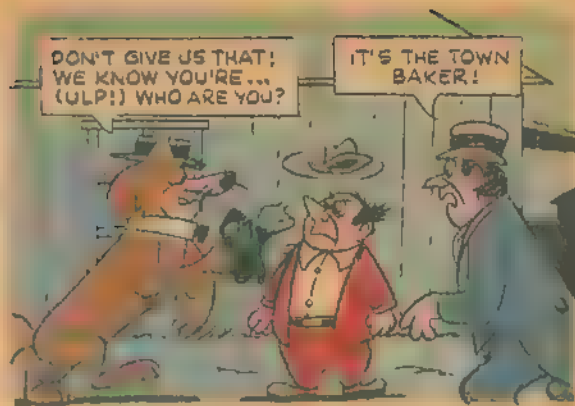
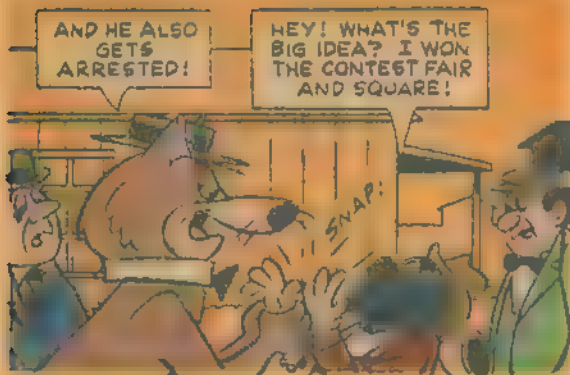


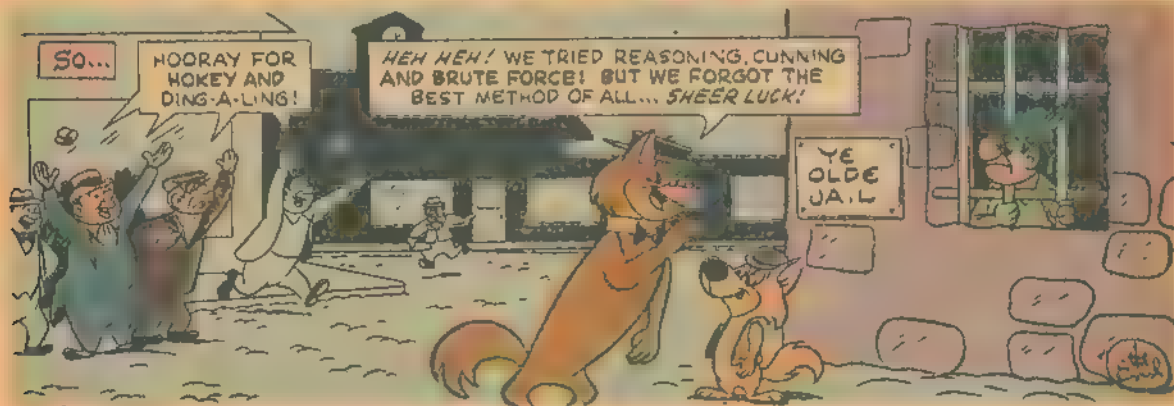
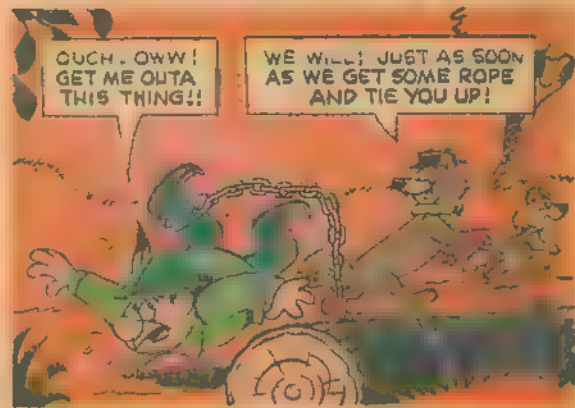
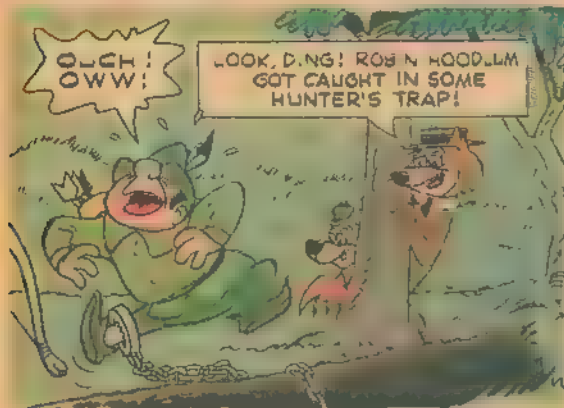
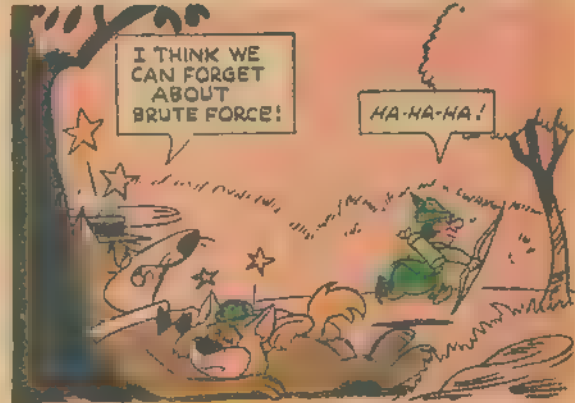
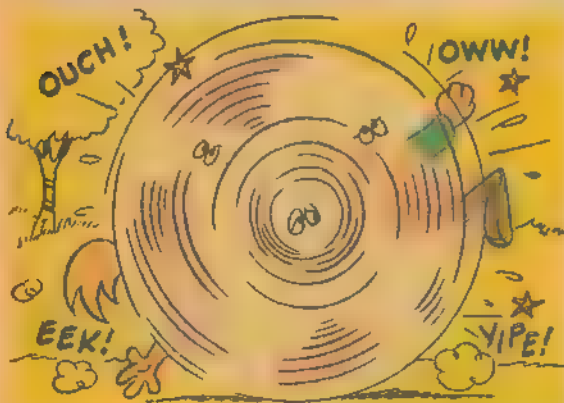
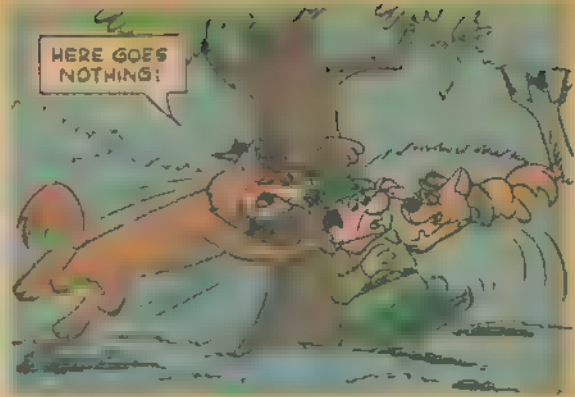
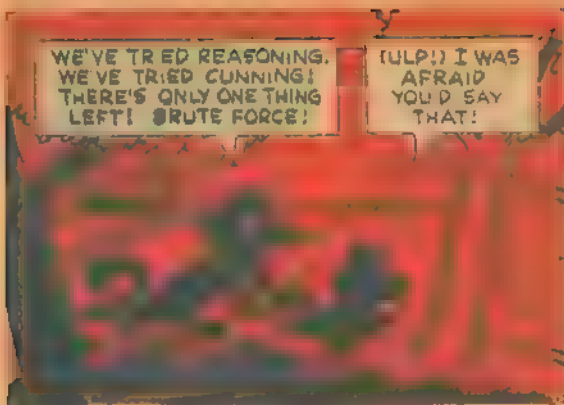














## OFFICER DIBBLE'S OFF-BEAT DAY



The day off his beat, Officer Dibble decided to take a little spin around town.

"It will be nice to ride instead of walk, for a change," he mused, starting off down the street in his car. "I'll just take in the sights, like others do."

Before long, Officer Dibble came upon his first sight... a snarling, snapping dog fight! As the two frightened ladies who owned the animals tried to hold them back by their leashes, the dogs lunged at each other, with teeth bared. Officer Dibble stopped his car and raced to the scene, where the ladies' screams for help added to the noise and confusion. Bravely, Officer Dibble grabbed the collar of one dog and pulled him away, then held him until the other dog was led safely off.

"Thank you so much," said the ladies, breathlessly. "You're very brave."

Officer Dibble tipped his hat and went back to his sightseeing tour. He admired the new buildings in the business section and paused to enjoy the sight and smell of the gayly blooming flowers in the center of the boulevard. Then, just as he was passing by, a man darted out of a jewelry store and sprinted down the street. Behind him came the owner, shouting, "Help! Police! I've been robbed!"

Officer Dibble stepped on the gas and drew alongside the thief, pacing him down the block. At the cross street, the thief continued on, headed for the nearby park and the safety of the trees and bushes. In a flash, Officer Dibble pulled his car in front of the runaway, jumped out and tackled the man. Down they both went, but Officer Dibble was on top! Other police officers soon arrived, and the man was handed over to them.

A little tuckered by now, Officer Dibble went into the park to rest.

"I've seen enough sights for awhile," he thought, as he made himself comfortable and closed his eyes. The songs of the birds and the sound of the wind rustling the tree leaves filled the air, as Officer Dibble lay back and relaxed. But soon a frantic call of, "Johnny! Johnny, where are you?" brought Officer Dibble out of his rest.

"Have you seen a little boy about four years old?" asked a woman anxiously. "He's been lost for an hour!"

"I'll be glad to help you look for him," said Dibble, getting to his feet.

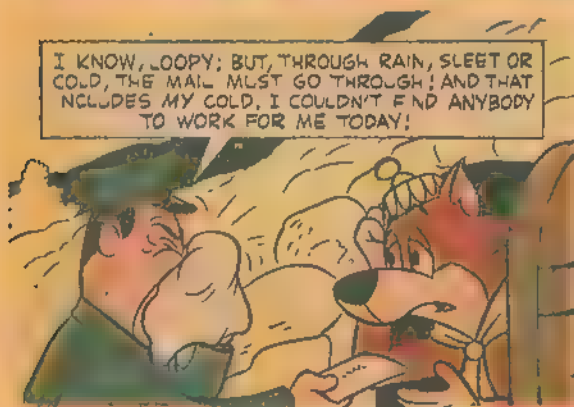
The search took Officer Dibble all over the park. Up and down and around he walked, peering this way and that into places he had never seen before. The park, he found, was a fascinating place, full of hiding spots... all of which he had to look into and some he crawled into! At last, an hour later, the search ended, with the little boy found fast asleep under a bush.

"Thank you for your help," said the child's mother. "You're very kind."

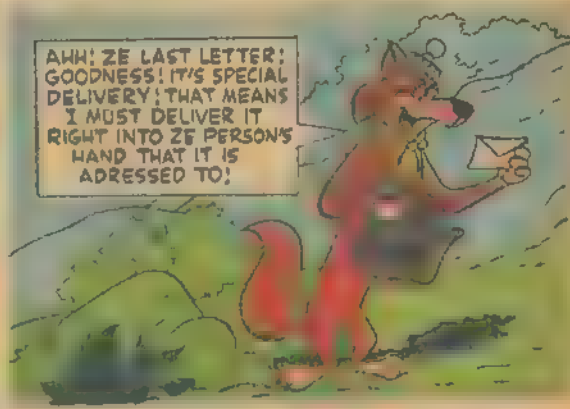
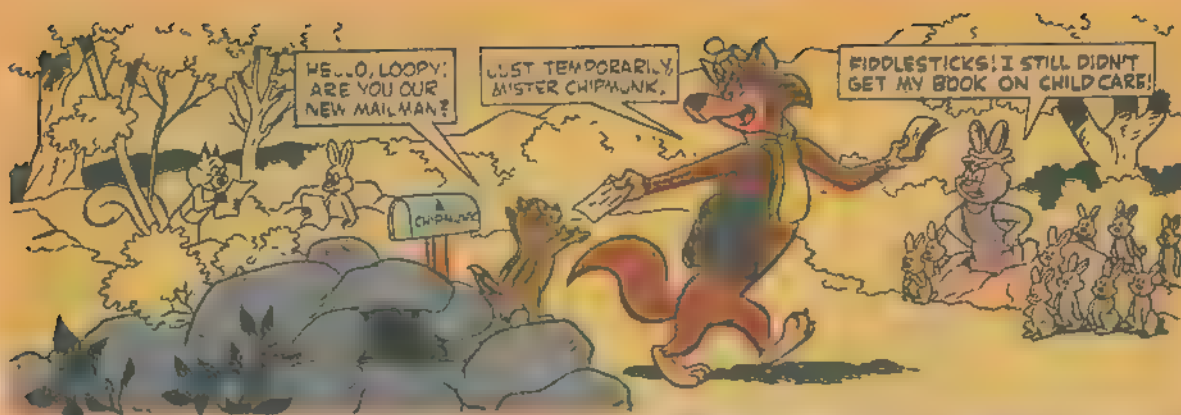
By now, Officer Dibble was very hungry, too, and he reached into his pocket for some change to get some lunch. Alas, he had forgotten to take any money with him!

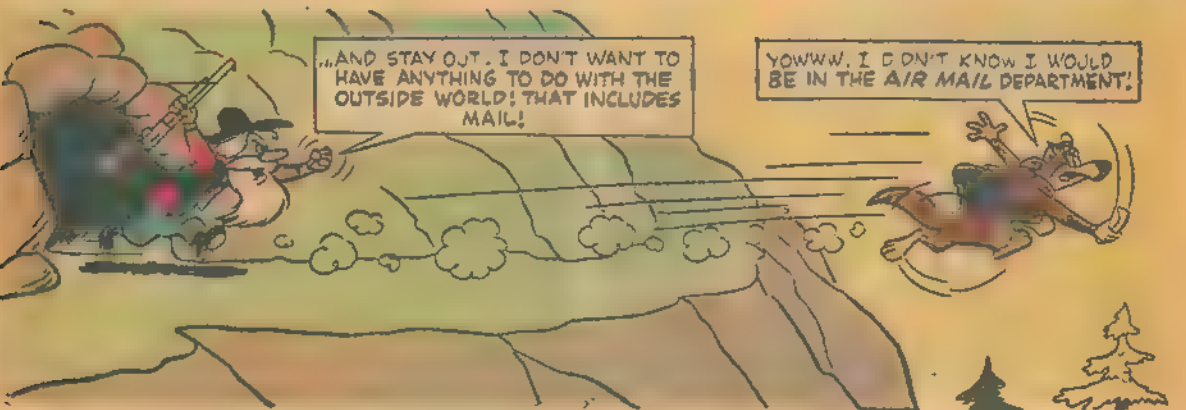
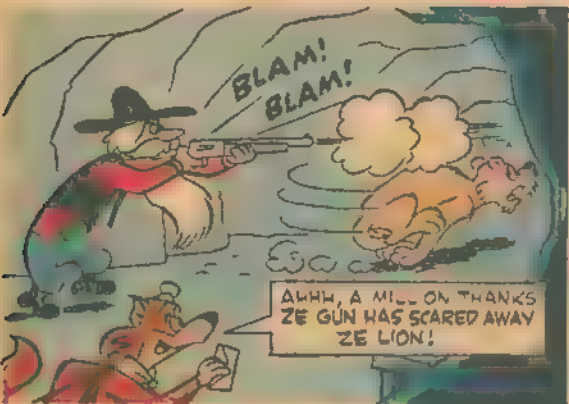
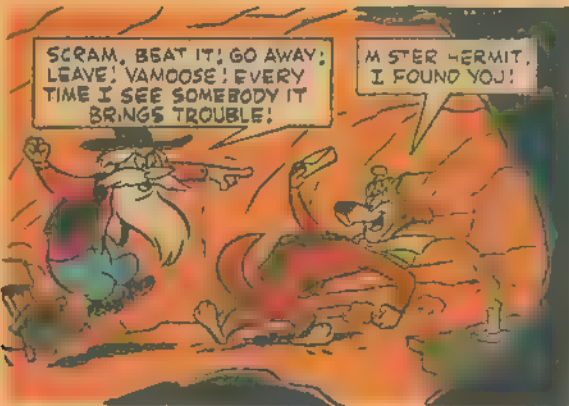
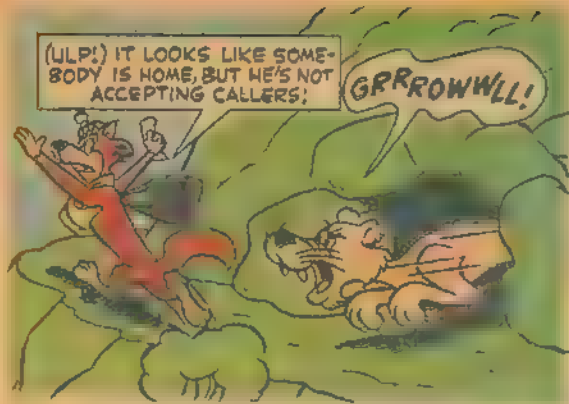
Sighing, Officer Dibble went back to his car and started for home. He was careful to keep his eyes straight ahead on the street, for he was no longer anxious to see any sights. He had had sightseeing enough for one day. Reaching home, Officer Dibble decided that his house was the nicest sight of all. He settled down with his lunch, happy to be home. His off-beat day had been almost too much for him!

# Loopy de Loop THE DELIVERY DILEMMA

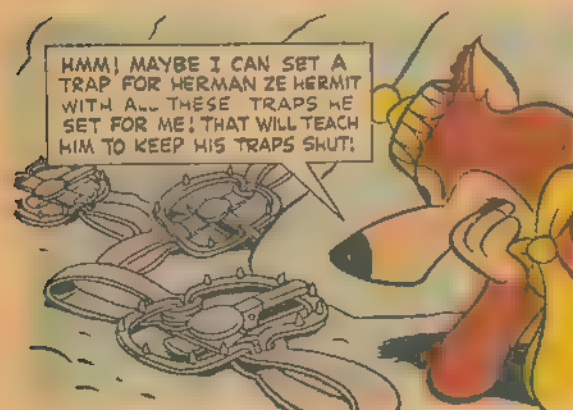
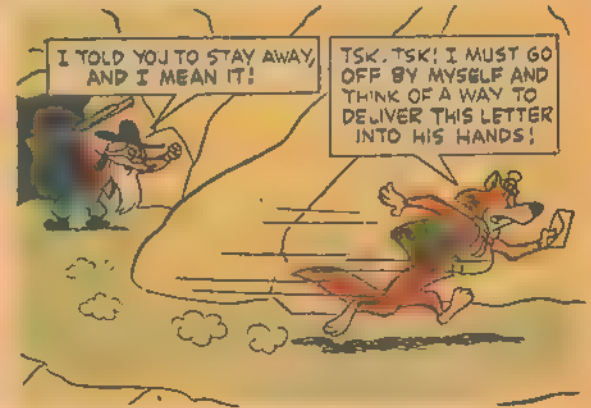
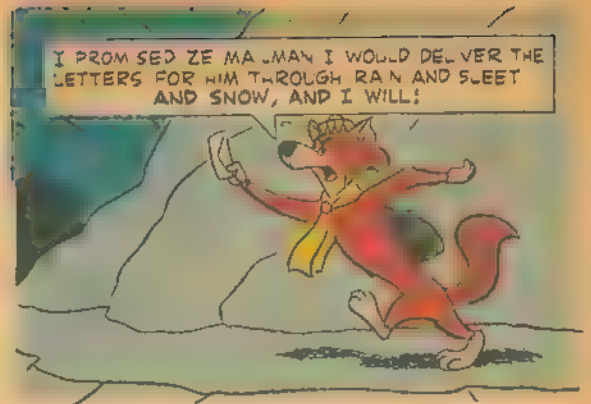


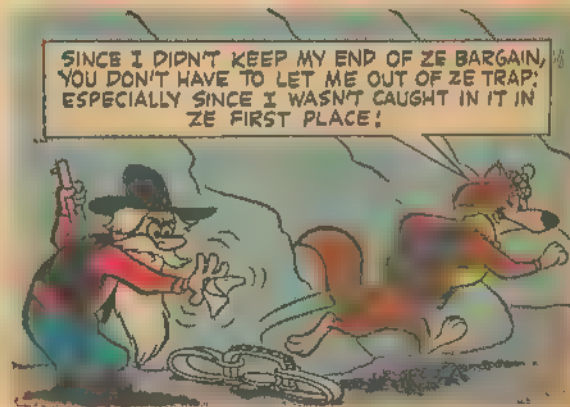
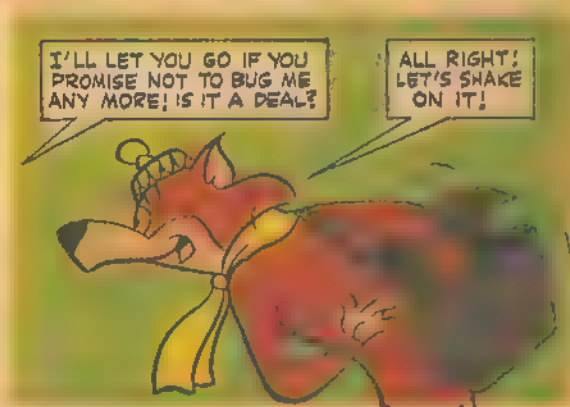
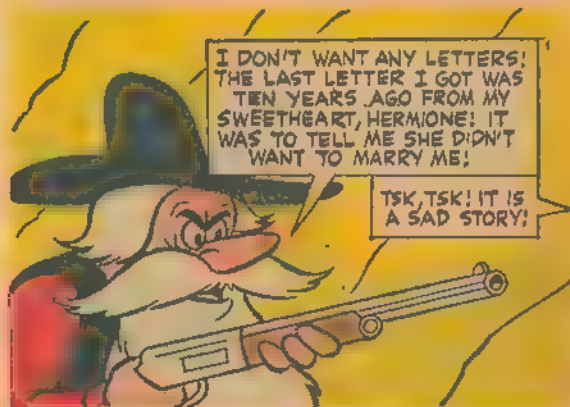
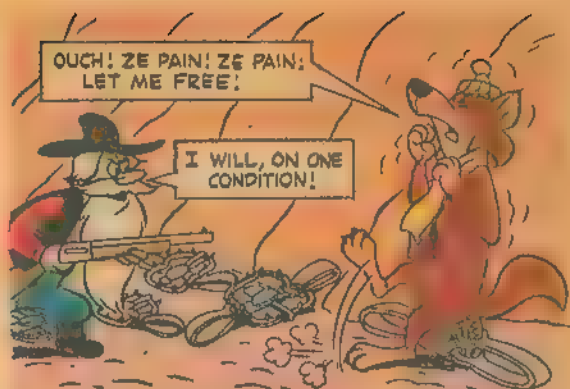
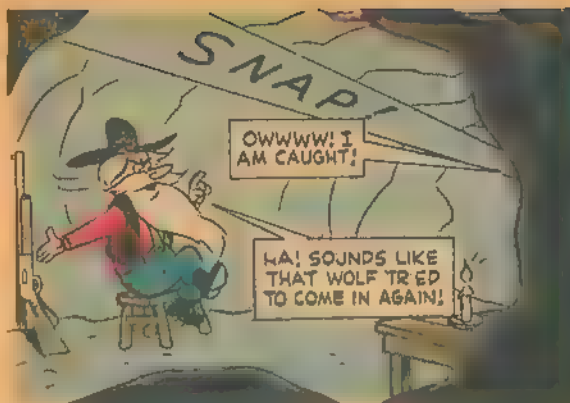




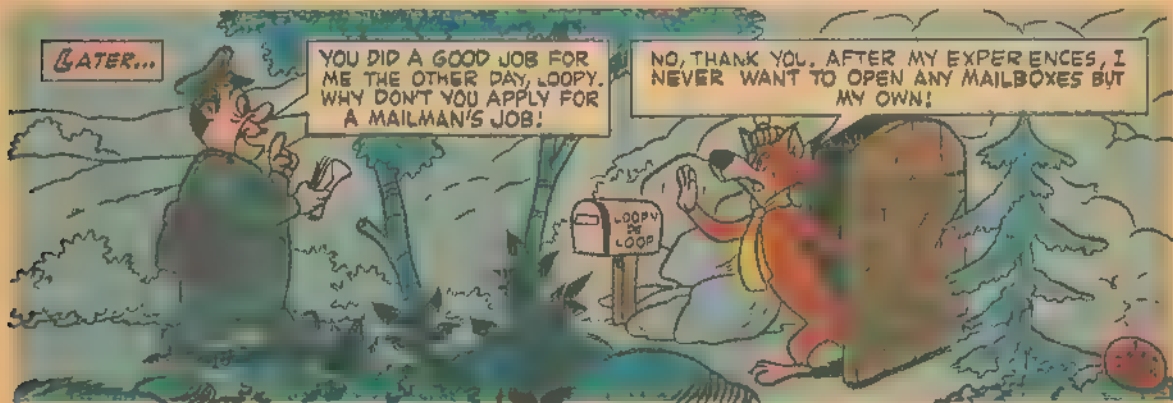
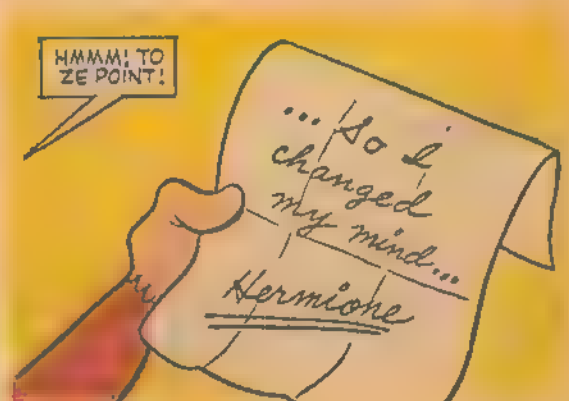




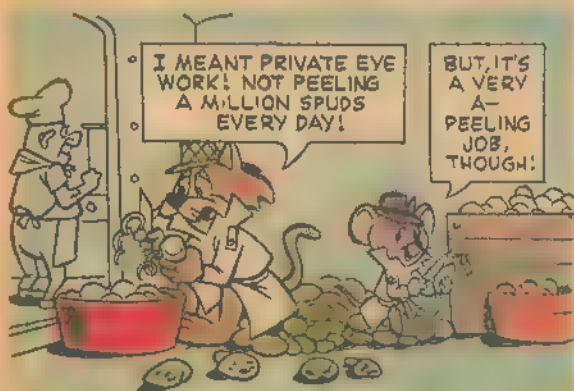
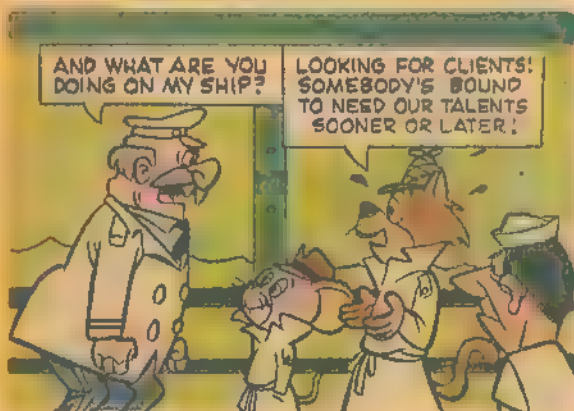




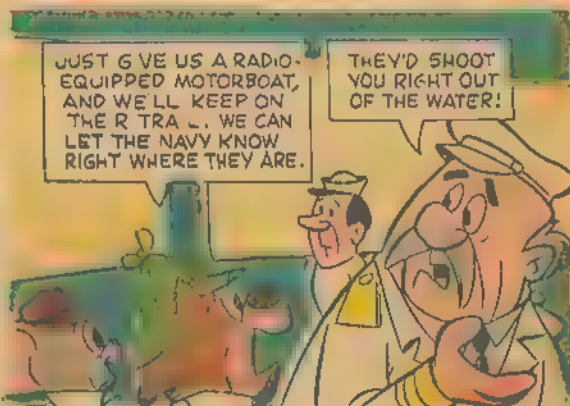
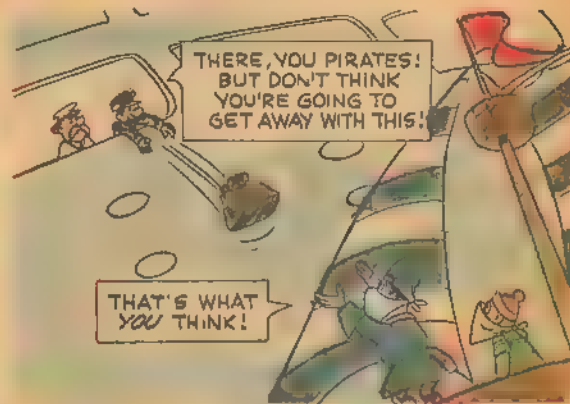
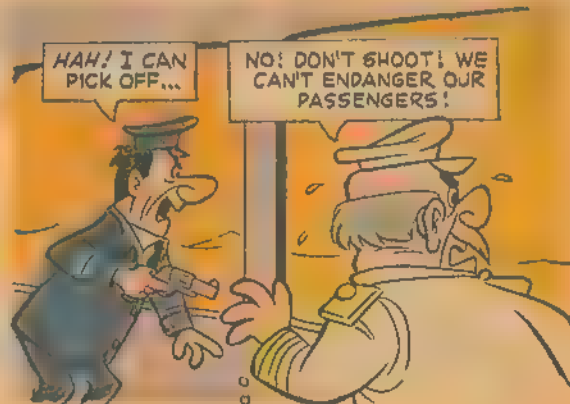
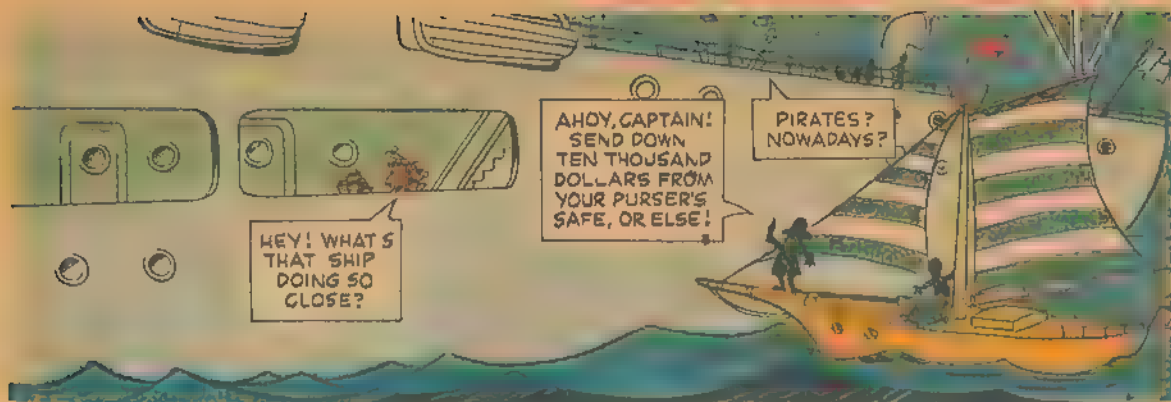


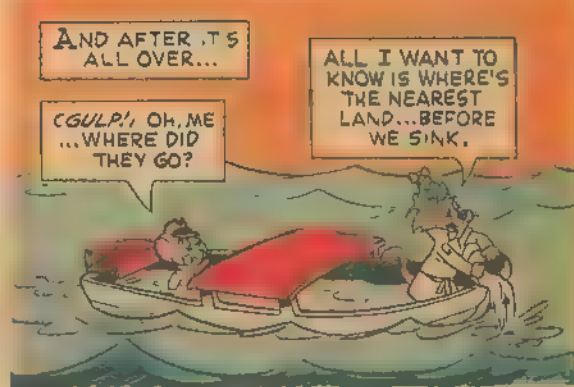
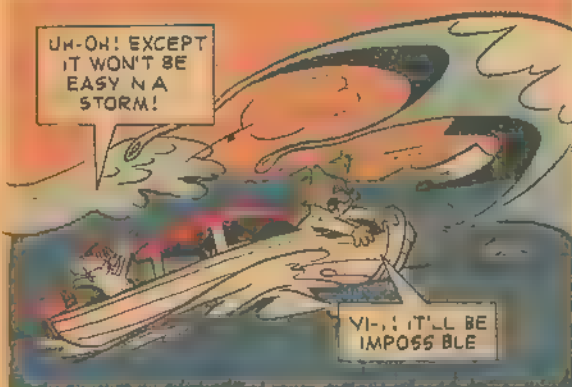
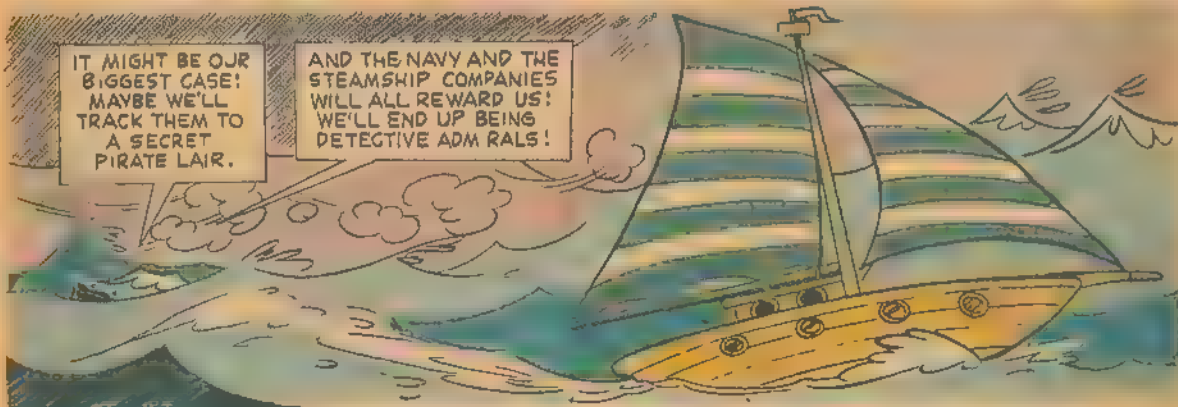
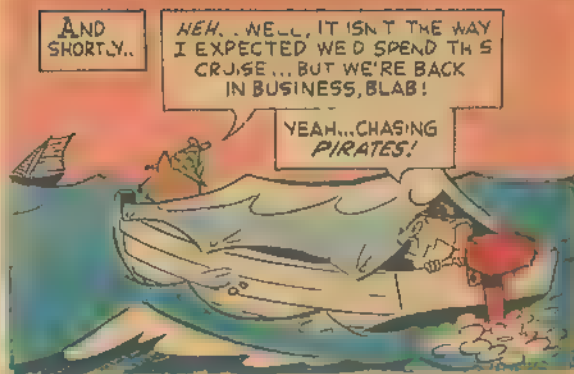
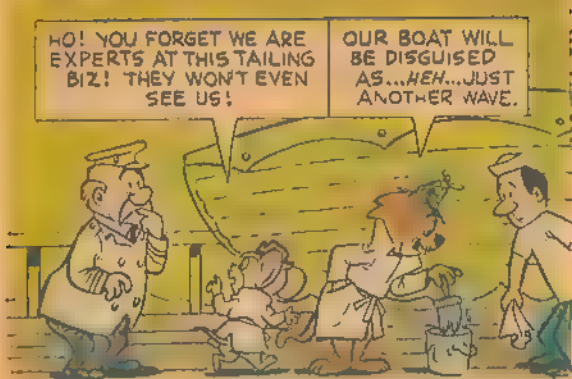


# SNOOPER and BLABBER THE CASE OF THE PANICKY PIRATES

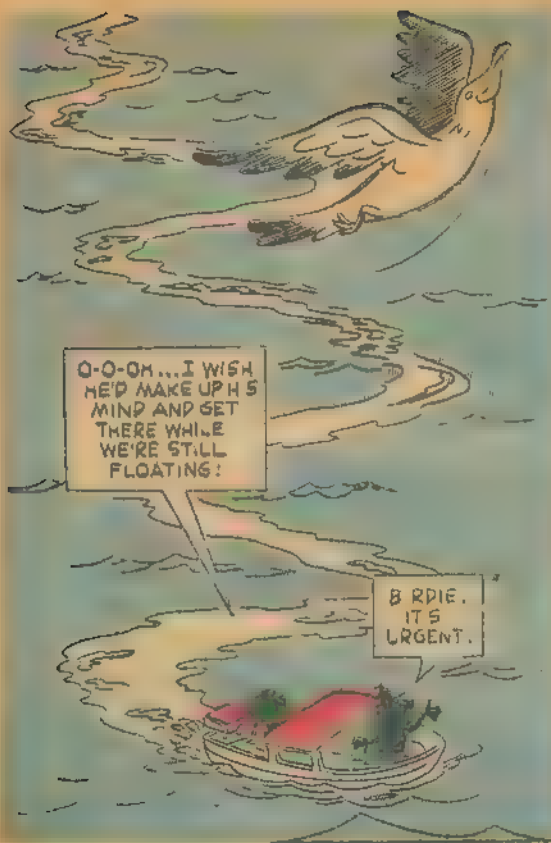






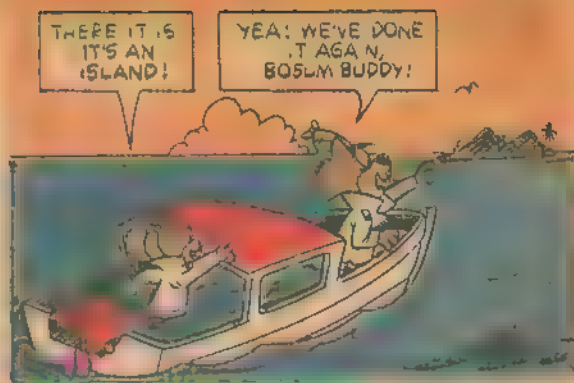






O-O-OH...I WISH HE'D MAKE UP HIS MIND AND GET THERE WHILE WE'RE STILL FLOATING!

B RDIE. IT'S URGENT.



THERE IT IS! IT'S AN ISLAND!

YEA! WE'VE DONE IT AGAIN, BOSSMAN BUDDY!



DONE IT? MAY I REMIND YOU WE WERE TRAILING PIRATES... WE WEREN'T LOOKING FOR AN EMPTY DESERT ISLAND.

GOLLY! THAT'S RIGHT.



HEY, THERE'S A SHIP BUT IT'S SURE NOT THE ONE WE'RE CHASING.

LET'S ASK THEM IF THEY SAW IT!

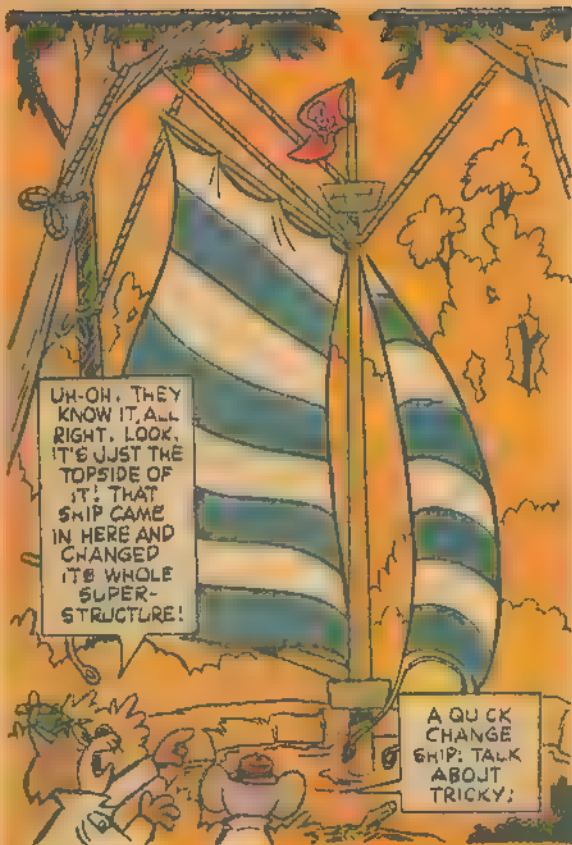


IT HAD ONE MAST AND BLACK STRIPED SAILS! IF THEY SAW A SHIP LIKE THAT, THEY'LL REMEMBER IT!



(GASP!) THERE IT IS, BLAB! THE PIRATE SHIP...HIDING UP THE CREEK!

OH, GOSH! I'LL BET THAT SHIP DOESN'T EVEN KNOW IT'S THERE.



UH-OH. THEY KNOW IT, ALL RIGHT. LOOK, IT'S JUST THE TOPSIDE OF IT! THAT SHIP CAME IN HERE AND CHANGED ITS WHOLE SUPER-STRUCTURE!

A QUICK CHANGE SHIP. TALK ABOUT TRICKY!

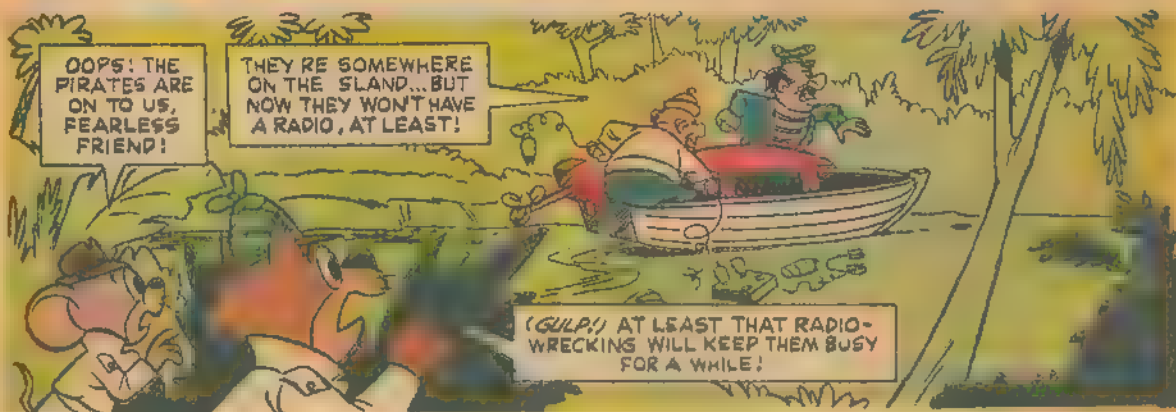


NOW, NO ONE WOULD EVER RECOGNIZE THEM AS THE PIRATE OUTFIT THAT RAIDED OUR CRUISE SHIP!



JEEPERS! WE'D BETTER GET BACK TO OUR RADIO AND BRING THE NAVY HERE FAST!

RIGHT!



OOOPS! THE PIRATES ARE ON TO US, FEARLESS FRIEND!

THEY'RE SOMEWHERE ON THE ISLAND... BUT NOW THEY WON'T HAVE A RADIO, AT LEAST!

(GULP!) AT LEAST THAT RADIO-WRECKING WILL KEEP THEM BUSY FOR A WHILE!

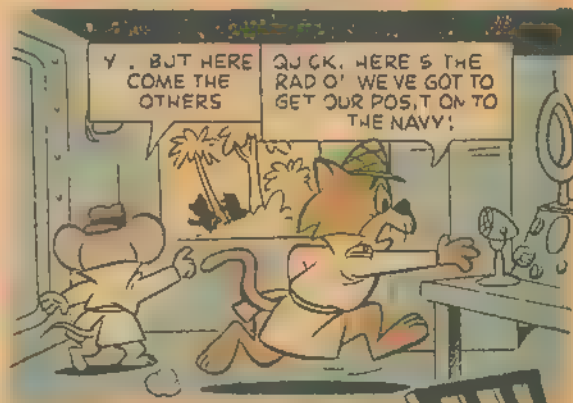
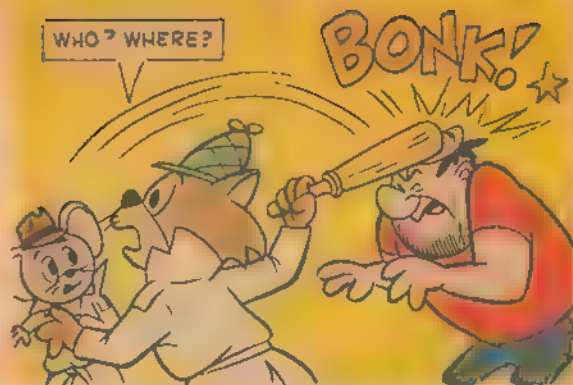


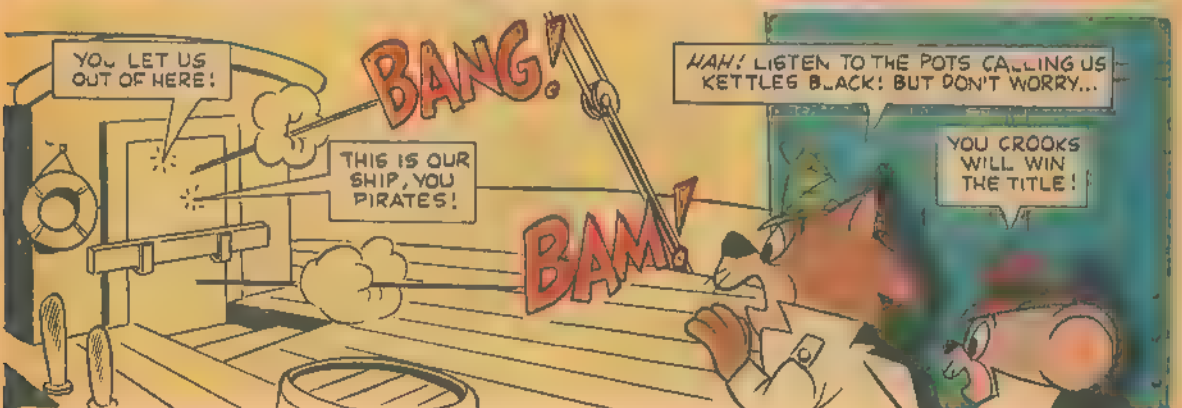
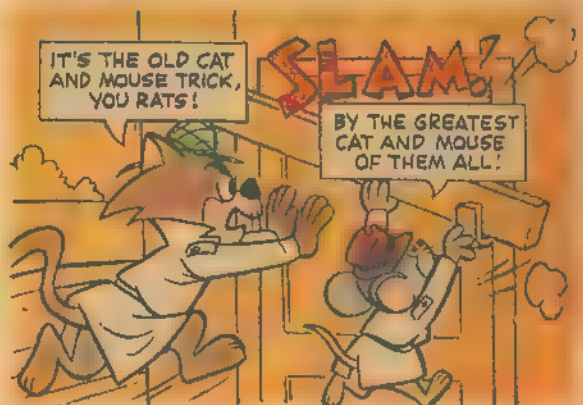
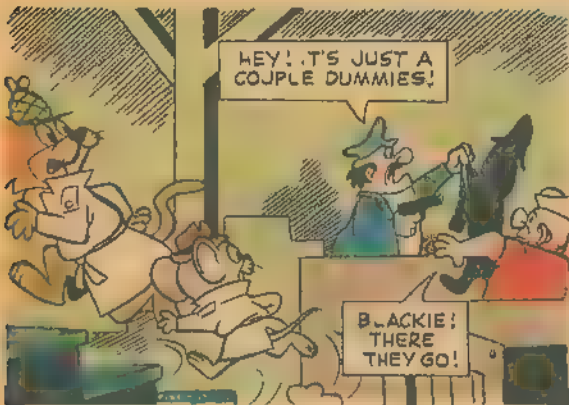
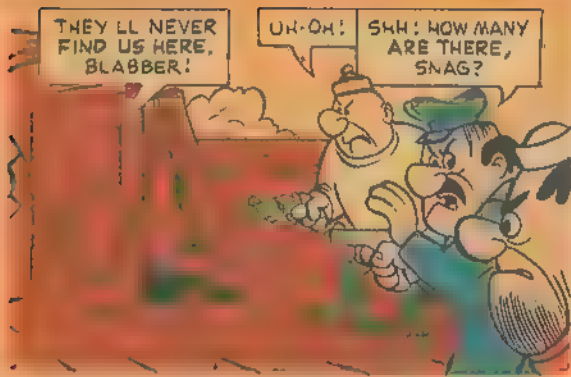
COME ON! WHAT COULD BE SWEETER? WE'LL CALL THE LAW RIGHT FROM THEIR OWN SHIP!



LET'S SEE NOW... WHERE WOULD THE RADIO BE?





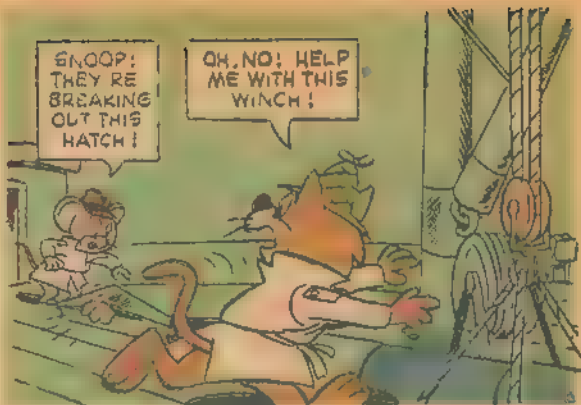


WHEN THE NAVY  
COLLECTS THE  
CRUISE SHIP  
LOOT AND THE  
EVIDENCE THAT'S  
HANGING BACK  
THERE IN THE  
TREES!



ENOOP!  
THEY'RE  
BREAKING  
OUT THIS  
HATCH!

OH, NO! HELP  
ME WITH THIS  
WINCH!

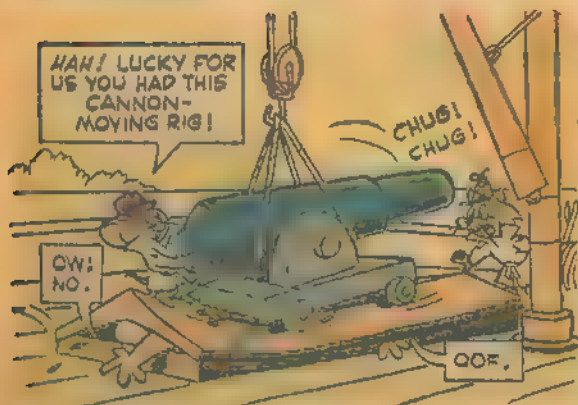


HAH! LUCKY FOR  
US YOU HAD THIS  
CANNON-  
MOVING RIG!

CHUG!  
CHUG!

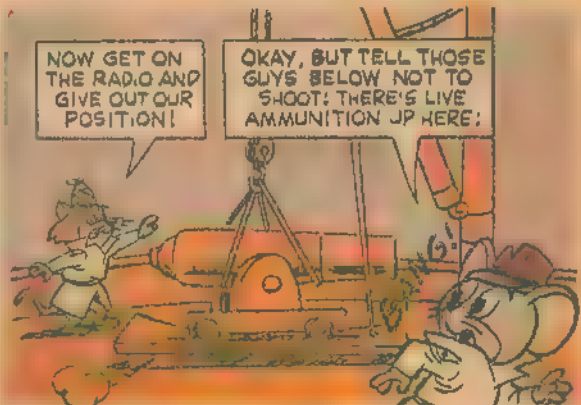
OW!  
NO.

OOE.



NOW GET ON  
THE RADIO AND  
GIVE OUT OUR  
POSITION!

OKAY, BUT TELL THOSE  
GUYS BELOW NOT TO  
SHOOT! THERE'S LIVE  
AMMUNITION UP HERE!



SAY! THAT SUGGESTS  
HOW WE CAN HELP THE  
GUNBOATS ZERO IN  
ON US!



BOOM!

HA-HA! THIS  
OUGHT TO  
PROVE WE'RE  
BIG SHOT  
DETECTIVES!



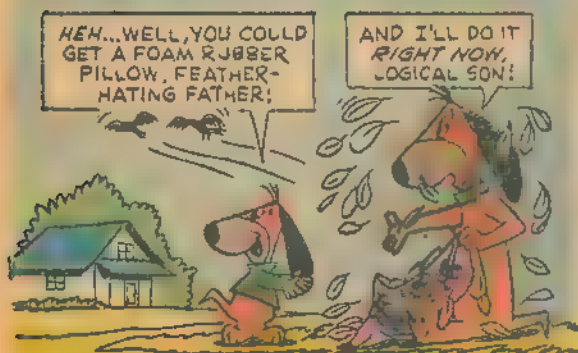
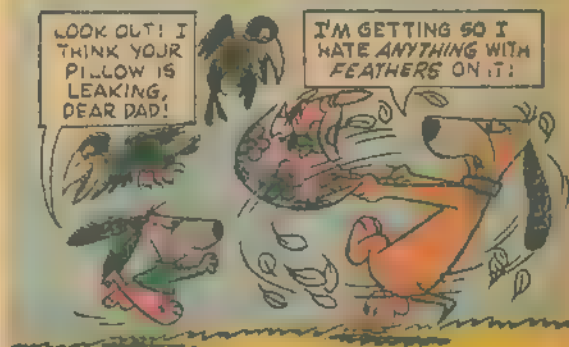
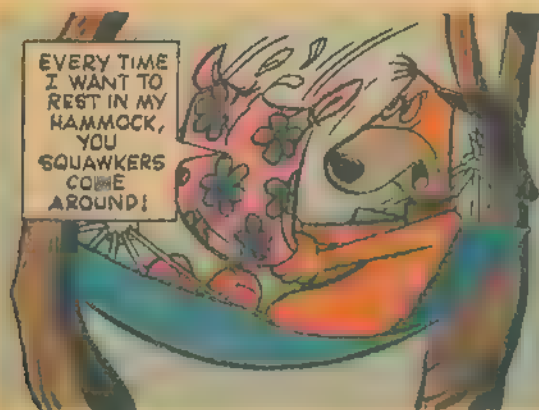
AND SURE ENOUGH!

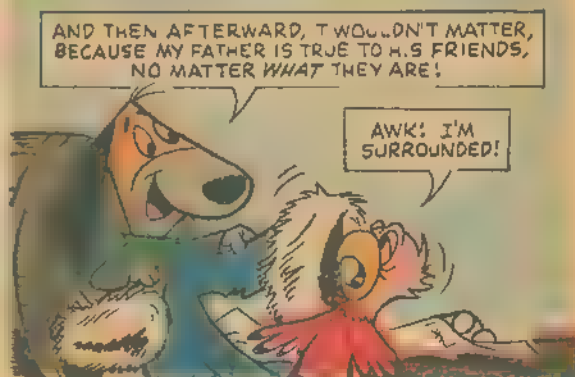
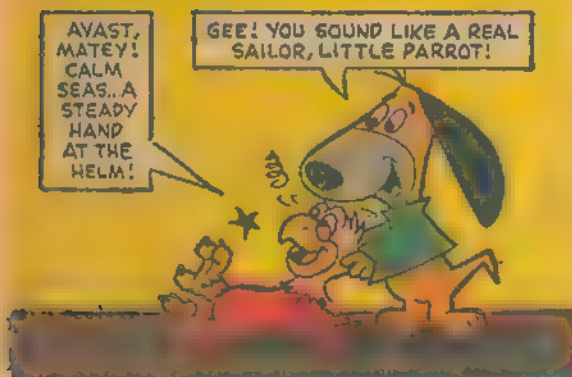
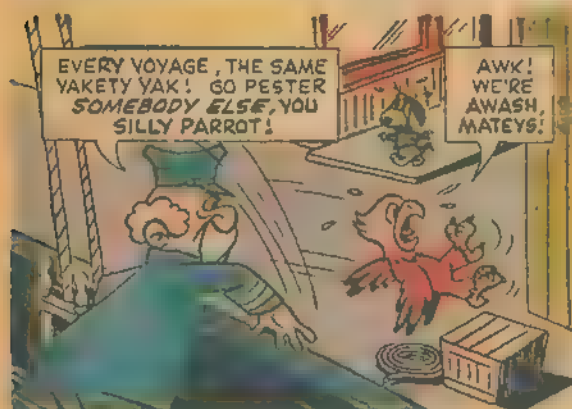
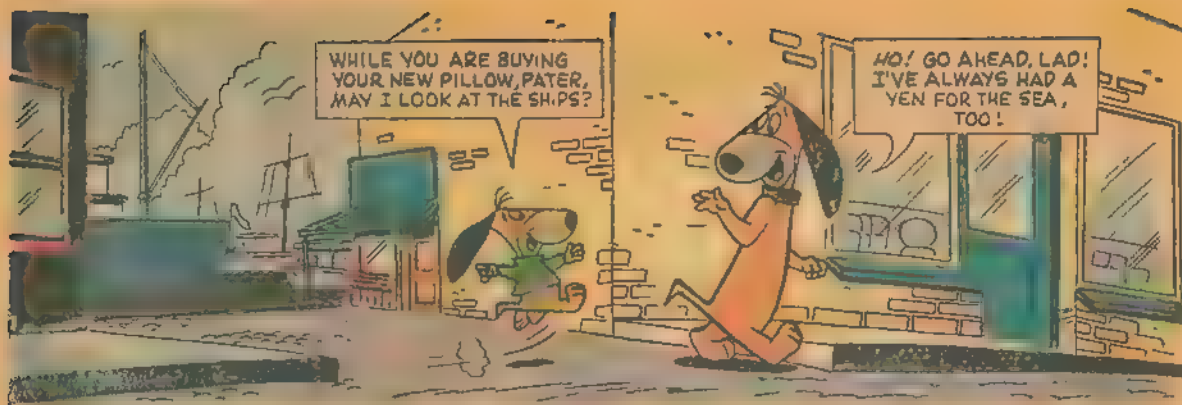
MURRAY! HERE  
COMES THE NAVY!

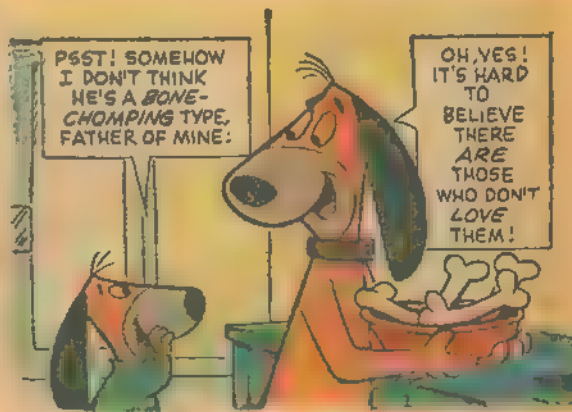
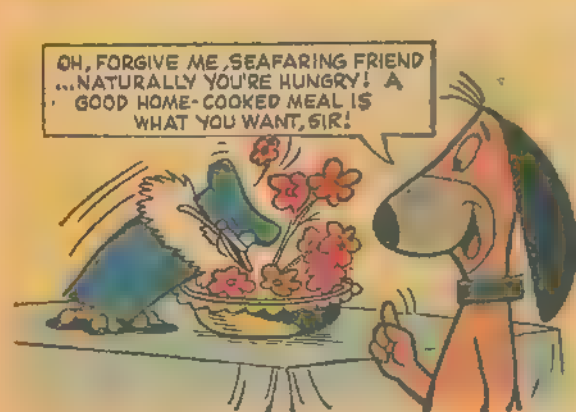
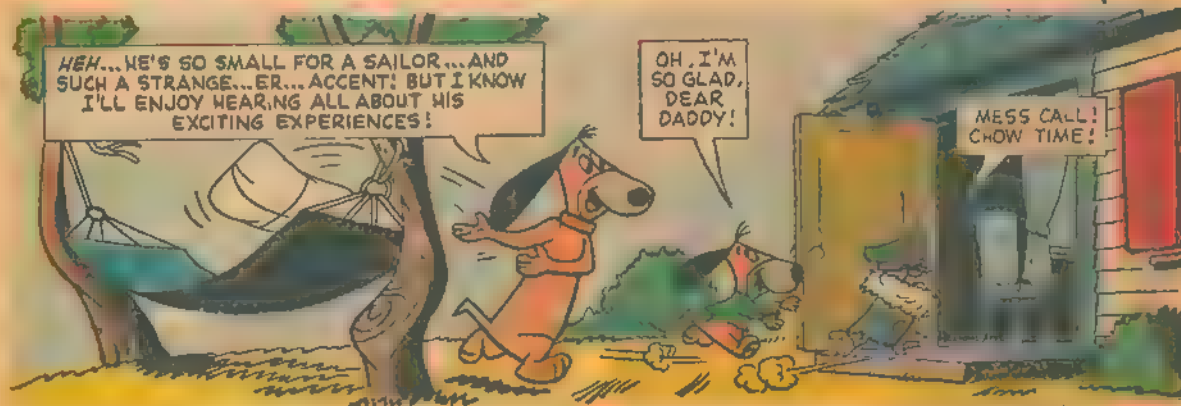
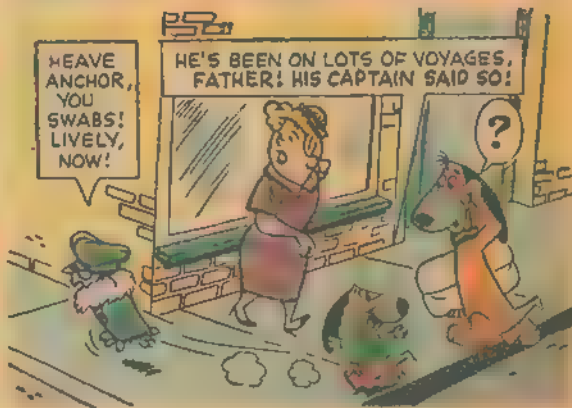
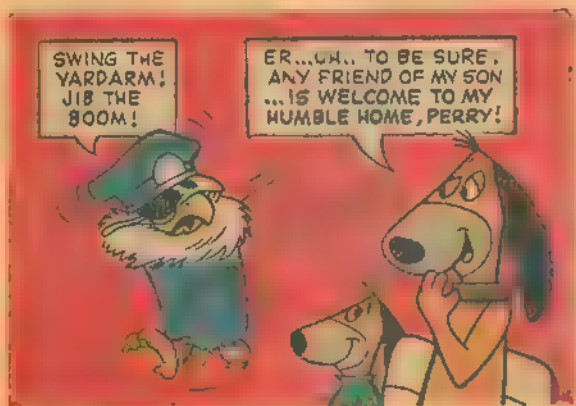
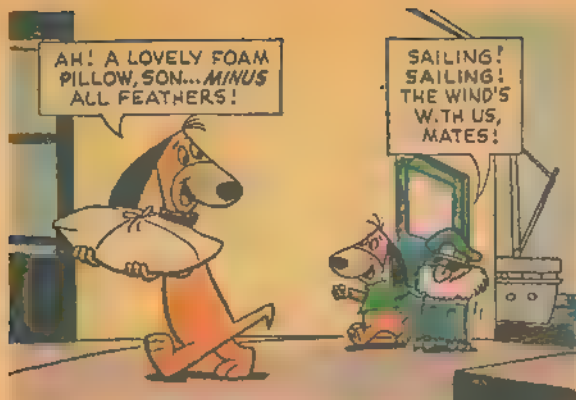




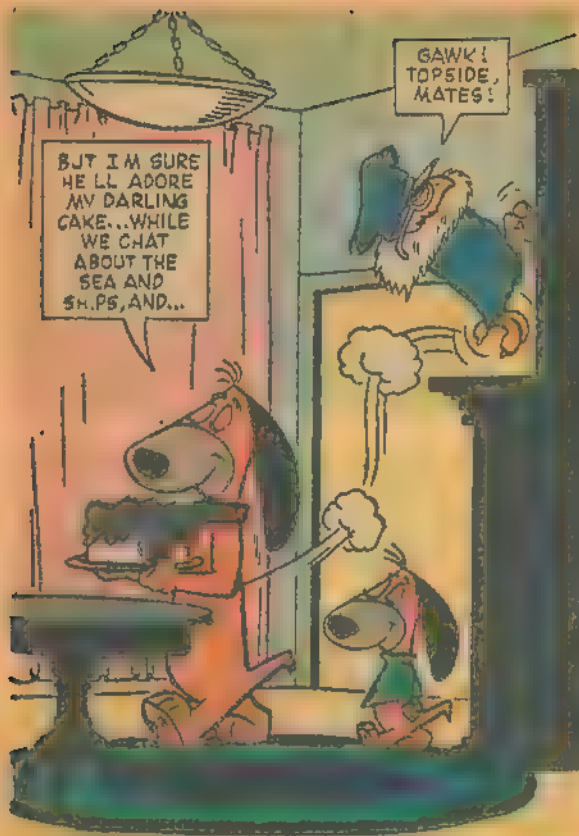
# SOMETHING TO CROW ABOUT

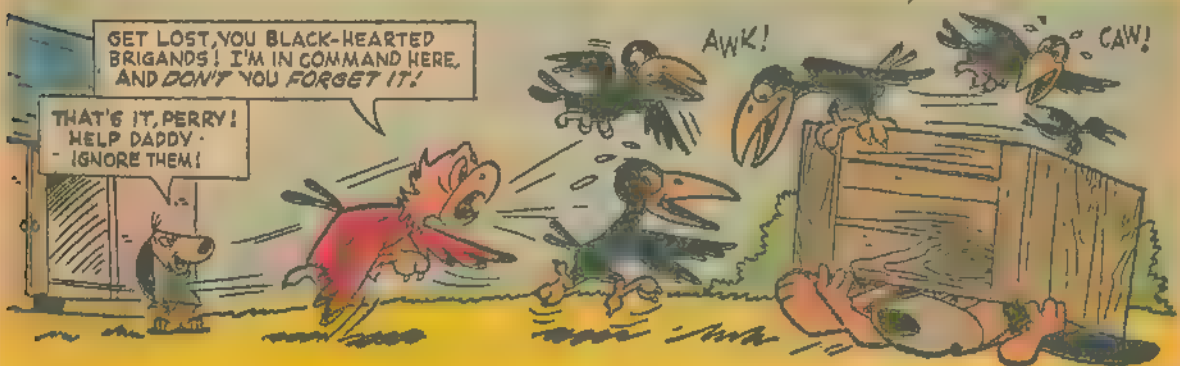
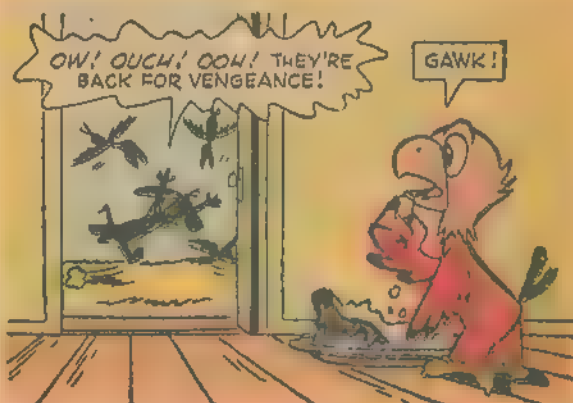
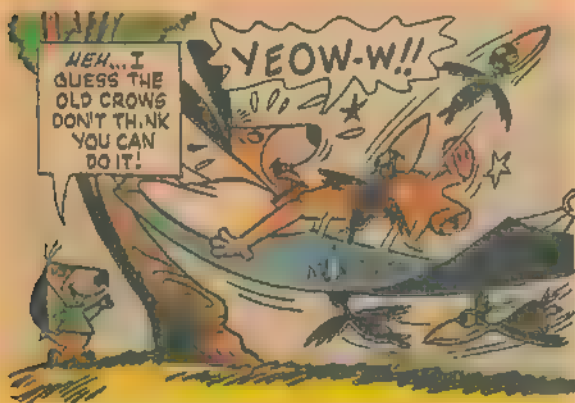
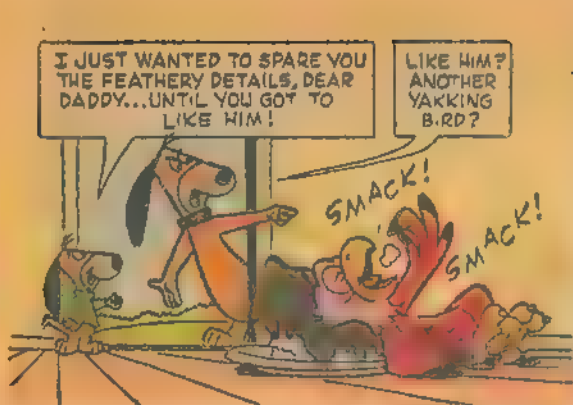










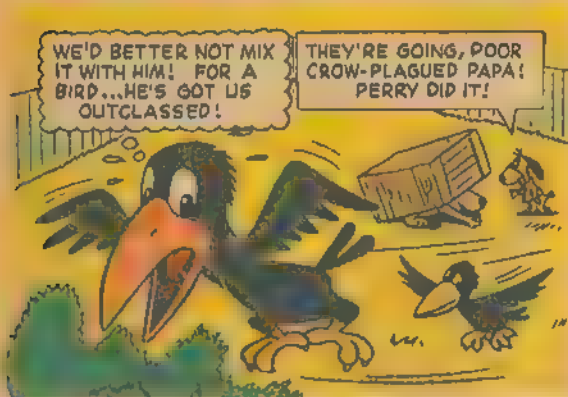




I'LL SWAB THE DECKS AND KEELHAUL ANY JACK TAR THAT BLAH...BLAH...

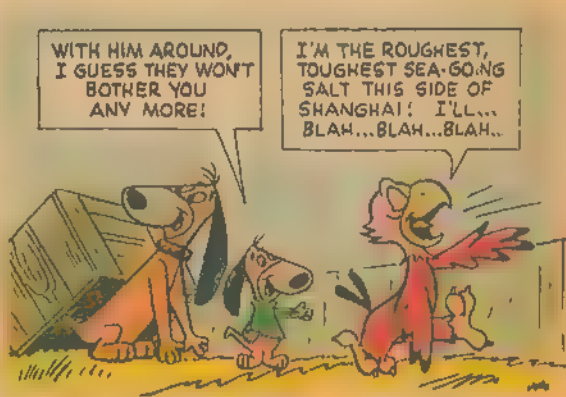
(GASP!) ALL THAT COMING OUT OF A BIRD!?

AND WE CAN'T SAY ANYTHING BUT 'CAW'!



WE'D BETTER NOT MIX IT WITH HIM! FOR A BIRD...HE'S GOT US OUTCLASSED!

THEY'RE GOING, POOR CROW-PLAGUED PAPA! PERRY DID IT!



WITH HIM AROUND, I GUESS THEY WON'T BOTHER YOU ANY MORE!

I'M THE ROUGHEST, TOUGHEST SEA-GOING SALT THIS SIDE OF SHANGHAI! I'LL... BLAH...BLAH...BLAH...



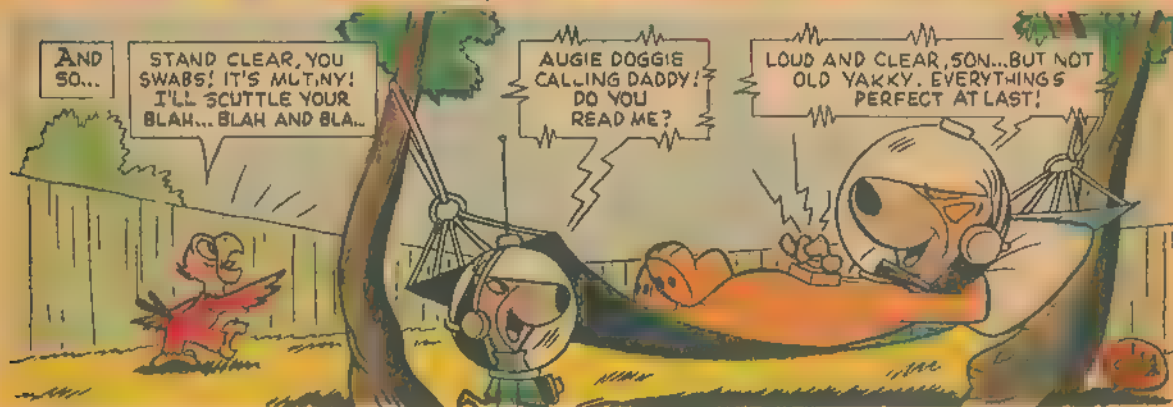
YOUR GOOD INTENTIONS REALLY TURNED OUT GOOD, SON! BUT, WON'T HE BE JUST AS BIG A PEST WITH ALL HIS CHATTER?

HMM... QUITE TRUE! IF ONLY THERE WERE SOME WAY TO...



I'VE GOT IT. ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS BUY ME ONE OF THOSE NEW ASTRONAUT SETS...WITH BUILT-IN INTER-COM!

BLAH... BLAH...



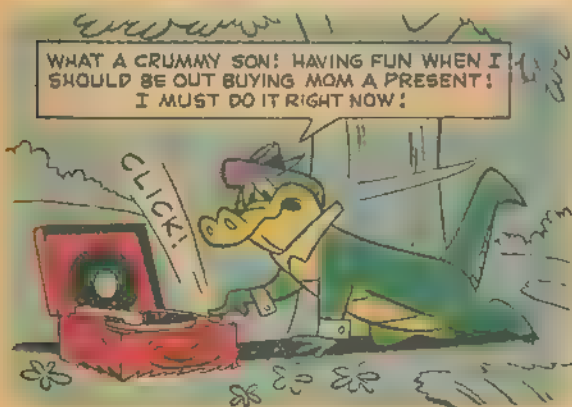
AND SO...

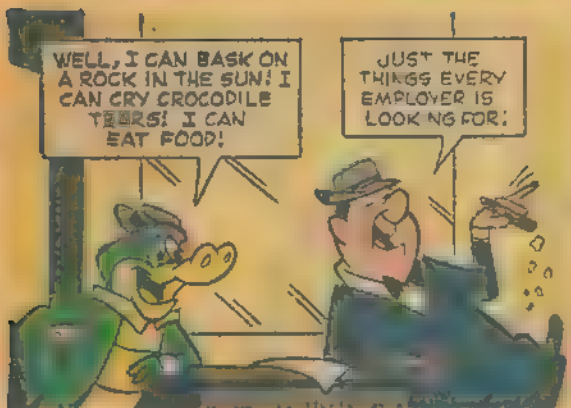
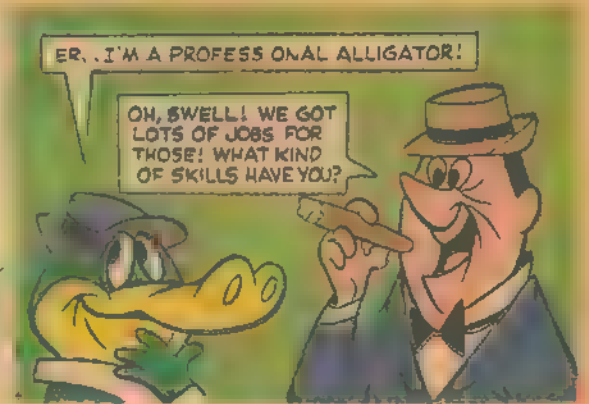
STAND CLEAR, YOU SWABS! IT'S MUTINY! I'LL SCUTTLE YOUR BLAH...BLAH AND BLA...

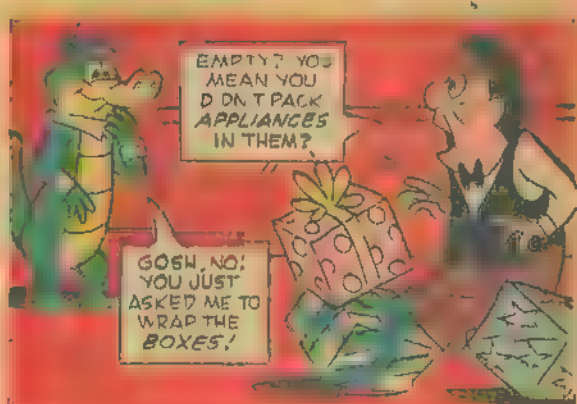
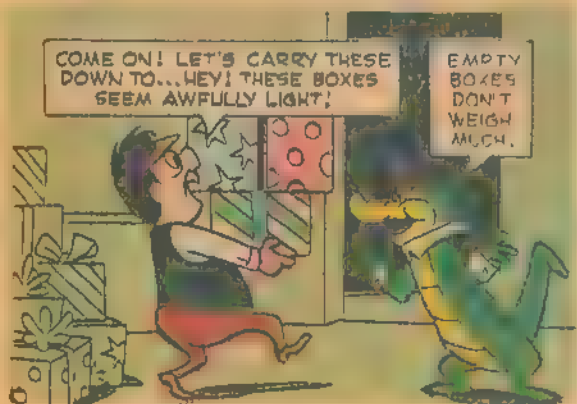
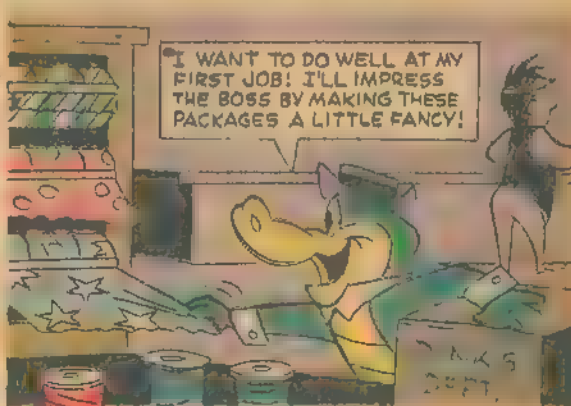
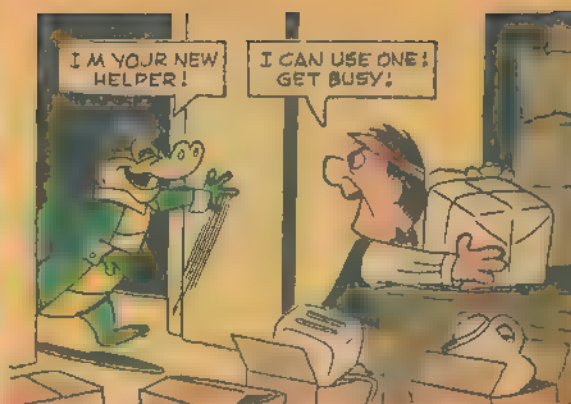
AUGIE DOGGIE CALLING DADDY! DO YOU READ ME?

LOUD AND CLEAR, SON...BUT NOT OLD YAKKY. EVERYTHING'S PERFECT AT LAST!

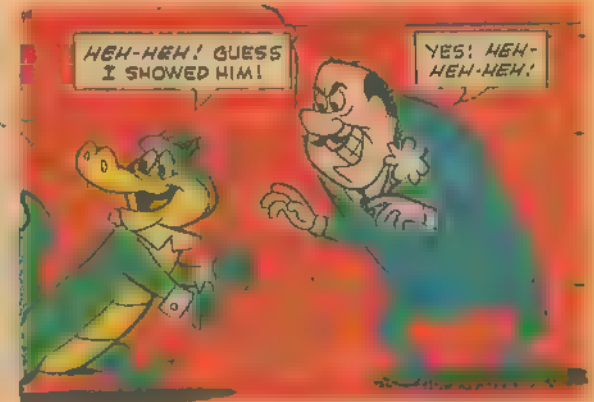
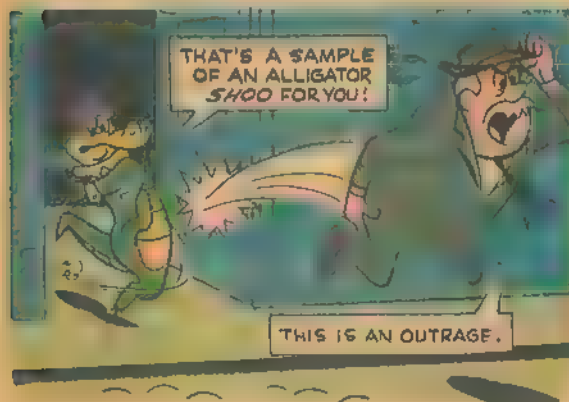
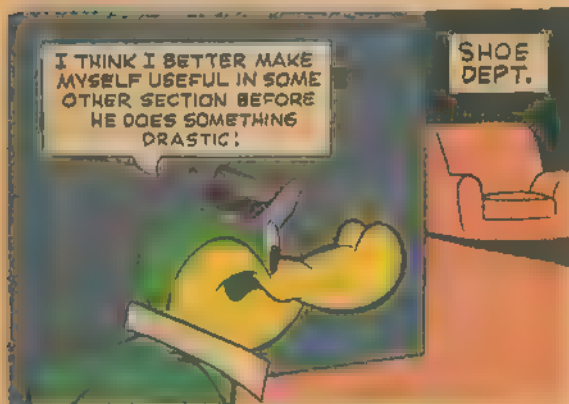


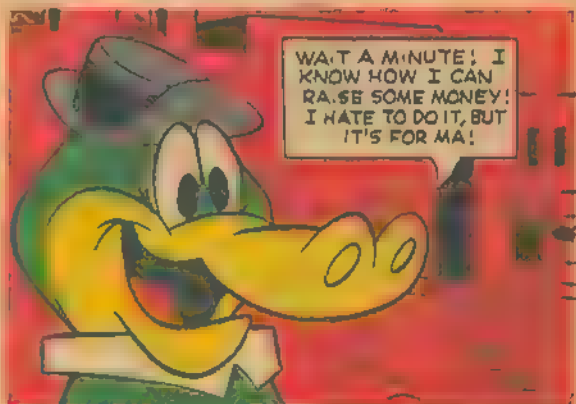
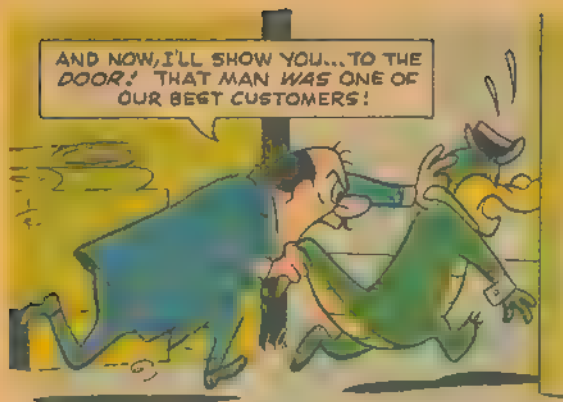








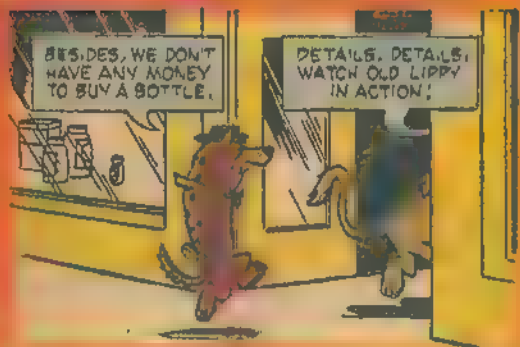
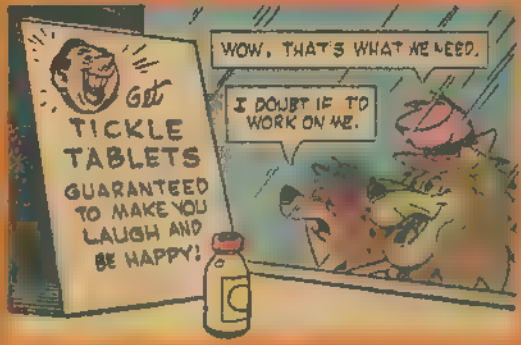


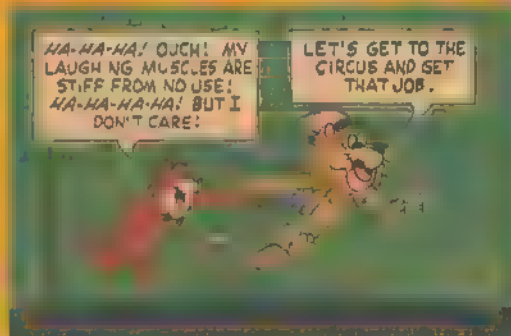
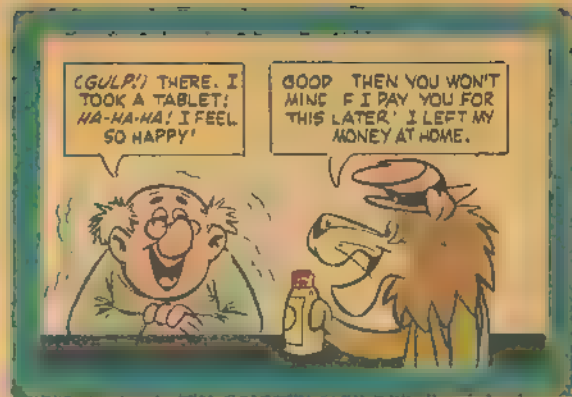


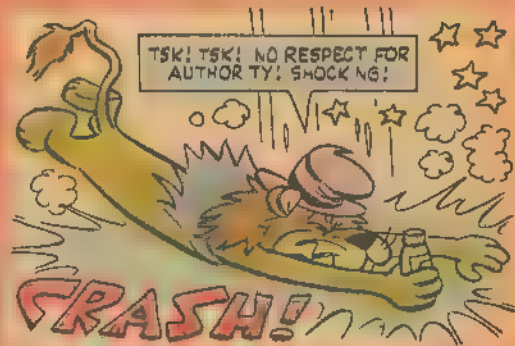
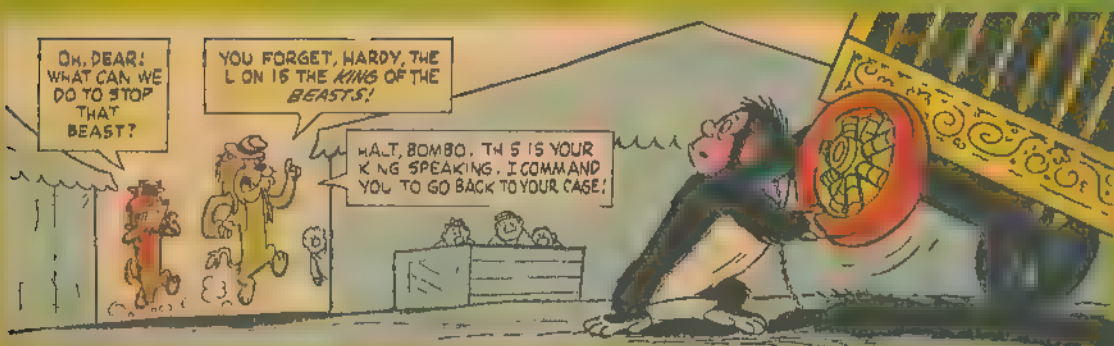
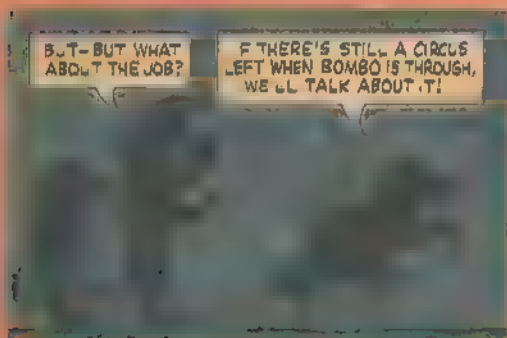




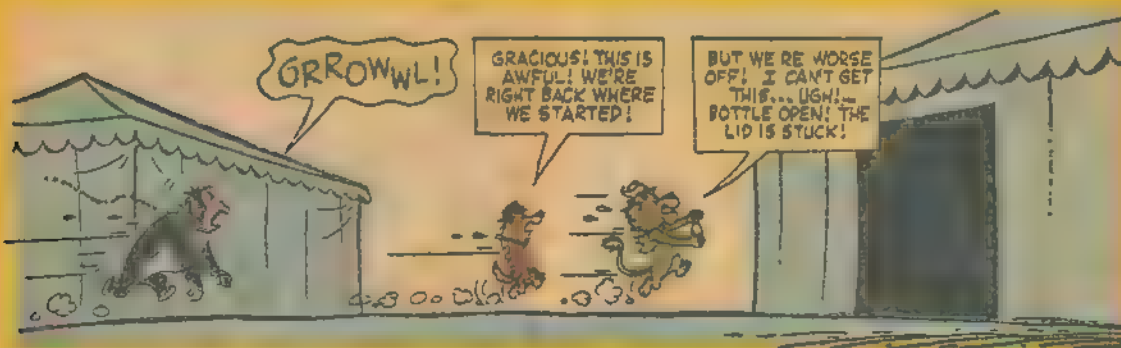
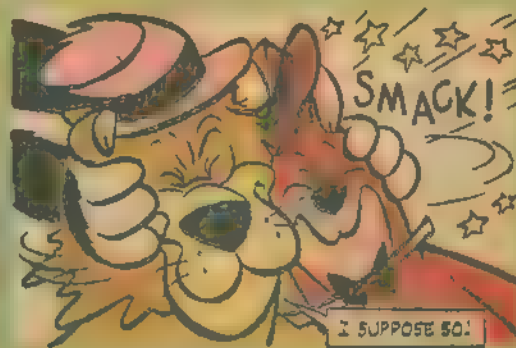
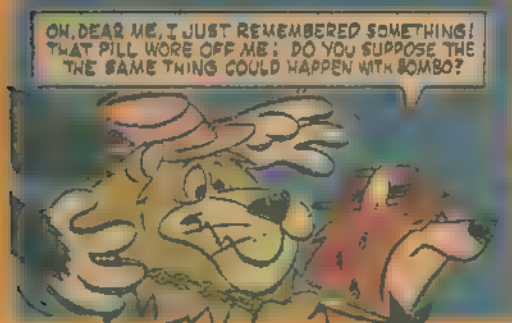
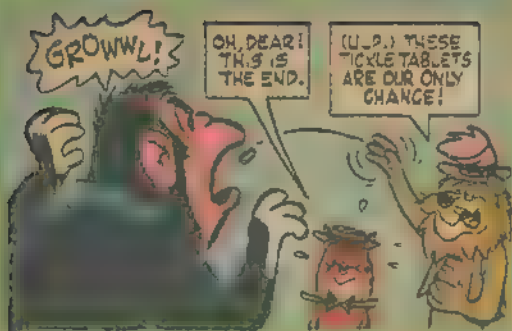
# A LAUGHING MATTER

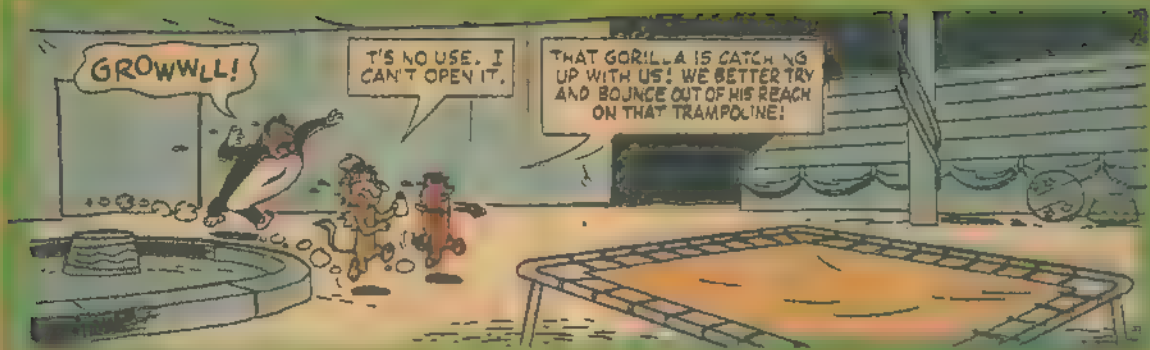


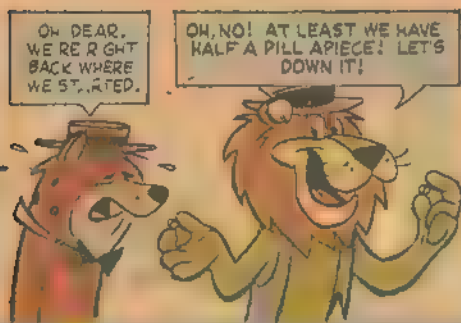
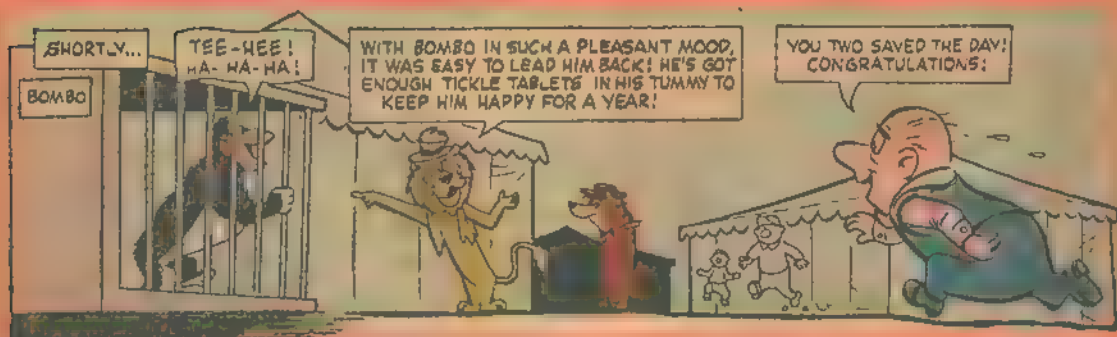














# TOP CAT YUKON-T TAKE IT WITH YOU



AROUND THE CORNER, FATE IS GETTING READY TO PLAY ONE OF HER MANY TRICKS...

HERE'S THE PAPER YOU ORDERED, MR. SMITH!

HEH-HEH! SWELL!

MAKE YOUR OWN HEADLINES GAG NEWSPAPERS PRINTED HERE!



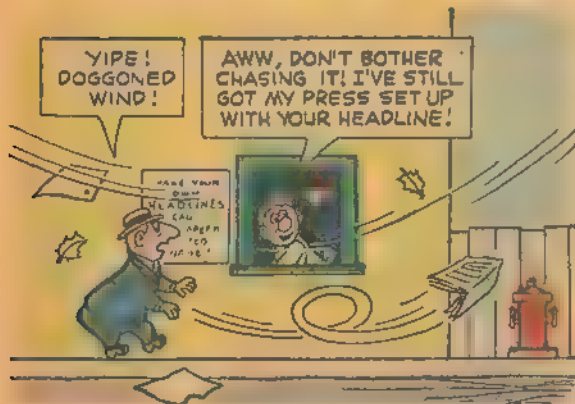
HA-HA! I'M REALLY GOING TO PLAY A PRACTICAL JOKE ON MY BROTHER-IN-LAW WITH THIS!

THAT'LL BE A BUCK AND A HALF!



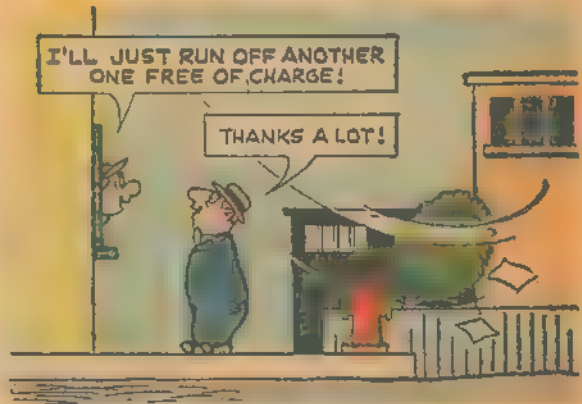
YIPE! DOGGONED WIND!

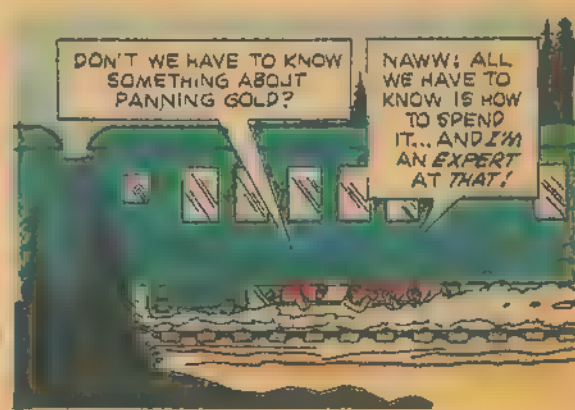
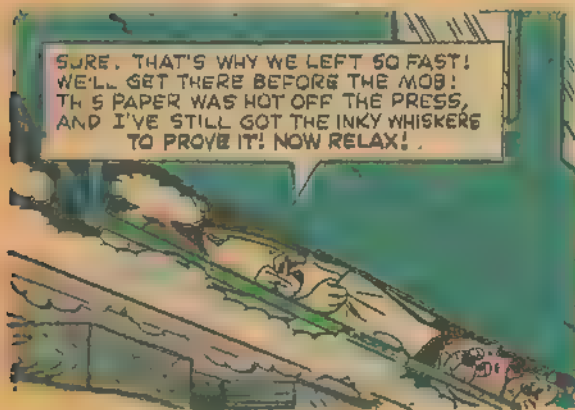
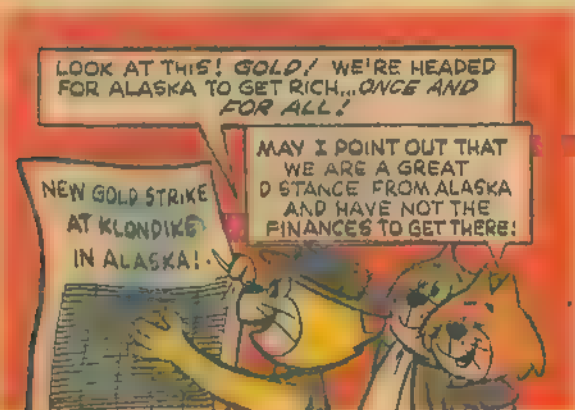
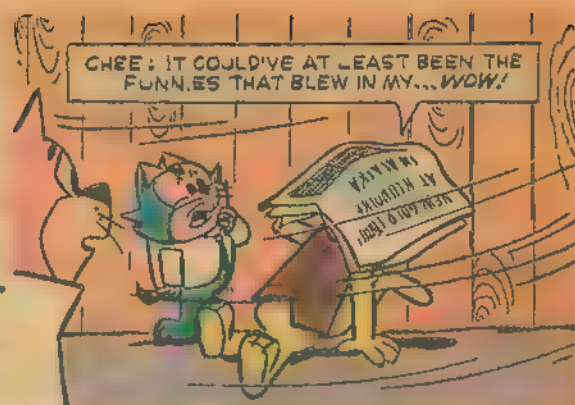
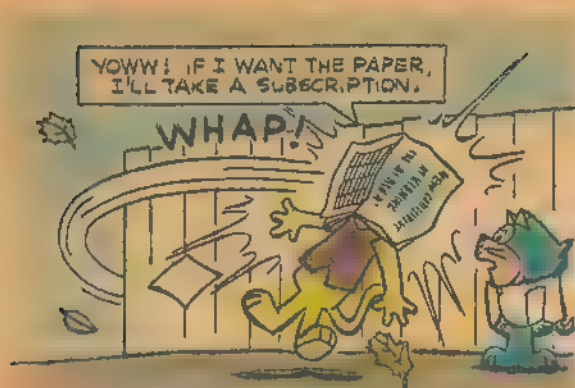
AWW, DON'T BOTHER CHASING IT! I'VE STILL GOT MY PRESS SET UP WITH YOUR HEADLINE!

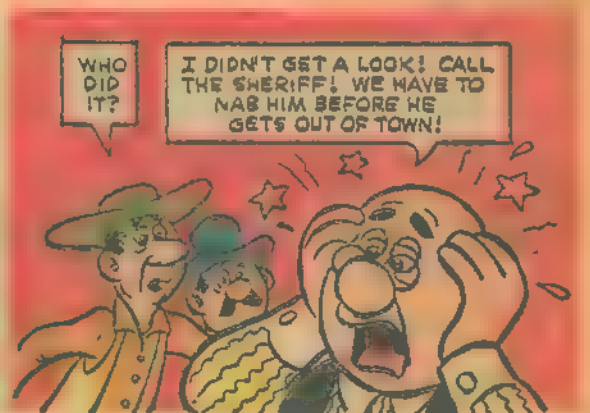
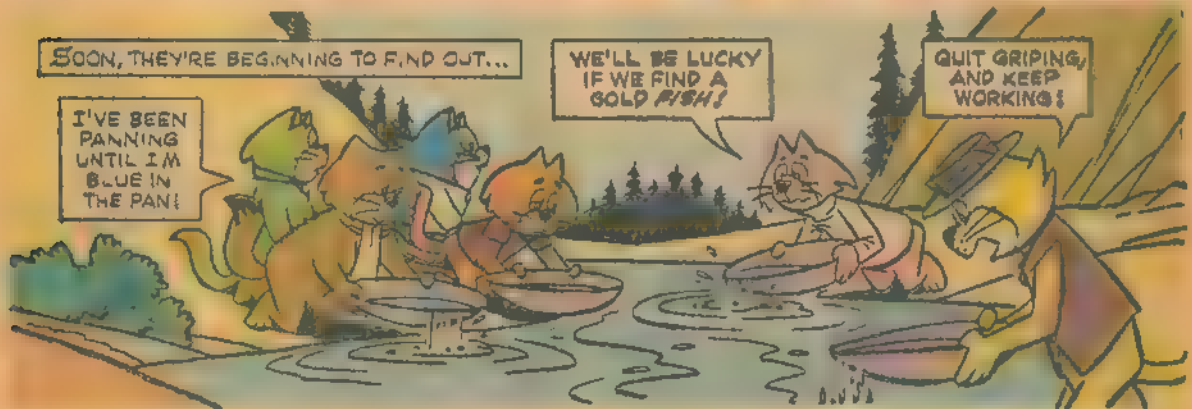
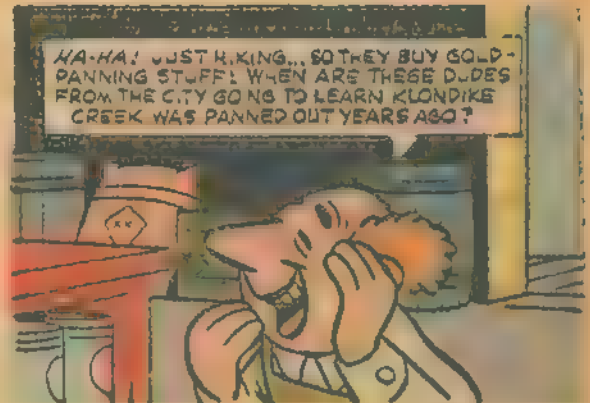
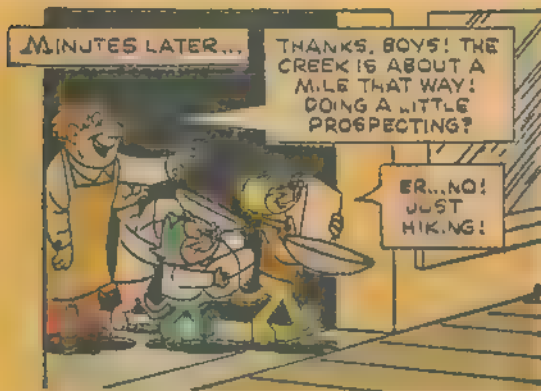
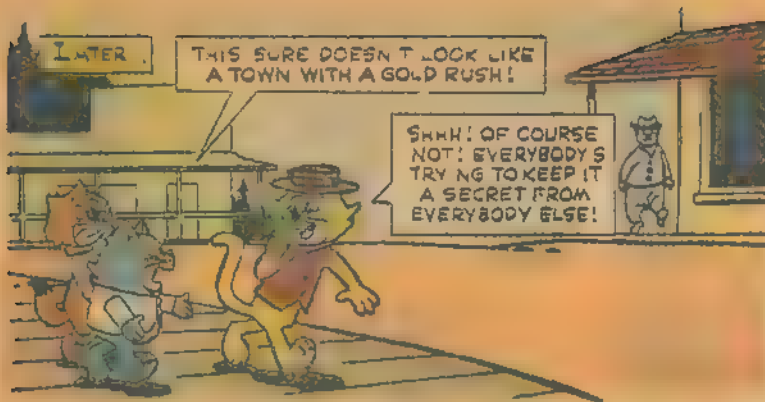


I'LL JUST RUN OFF ANOTHER ONE FREE OF CHARGE!

THANKS A LOT!

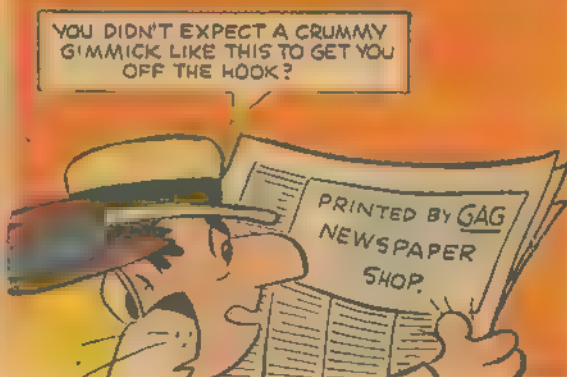
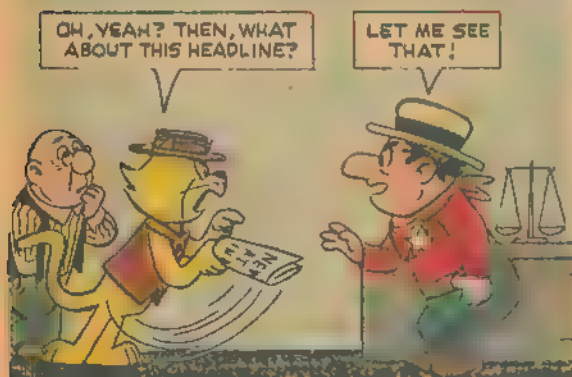
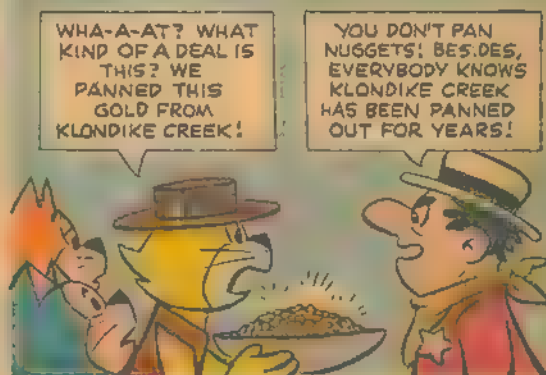
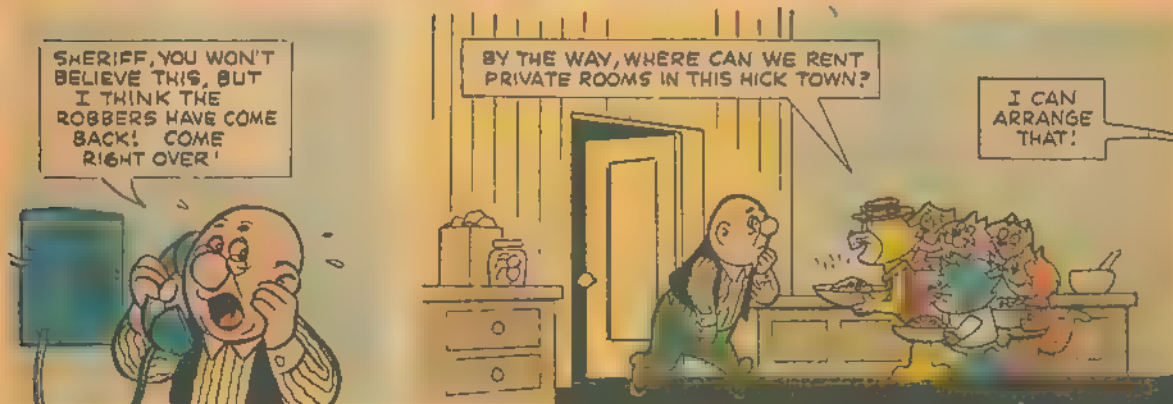


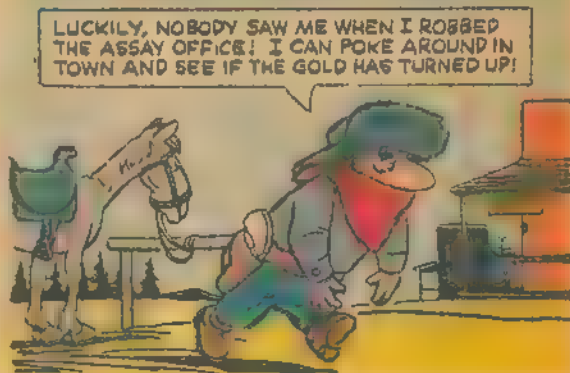




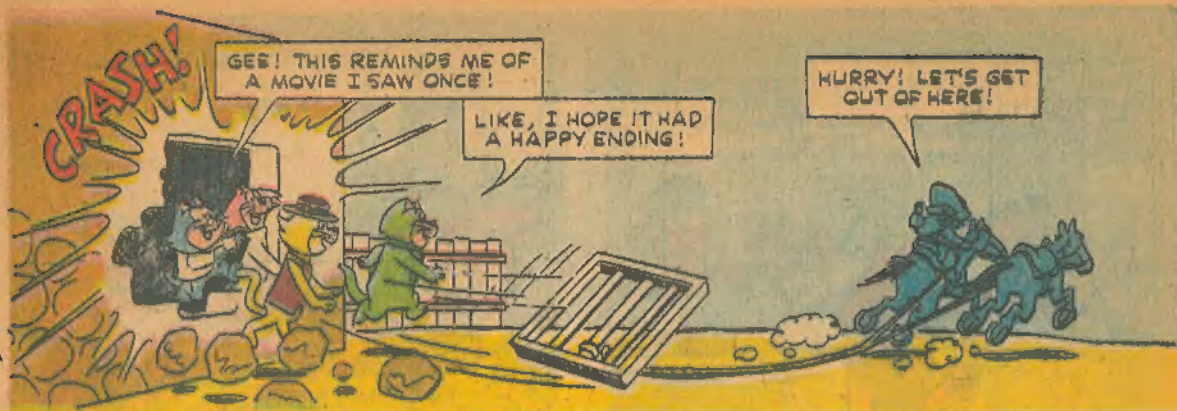


LET'S NOT WASTE ANY TIME, GUYS!  
GATHER UP ALL THE NUGGETS YOU CAN,  
AND WE'LL REGISTER THIS CLAIM AT  
THE ASSAY OFFICE!

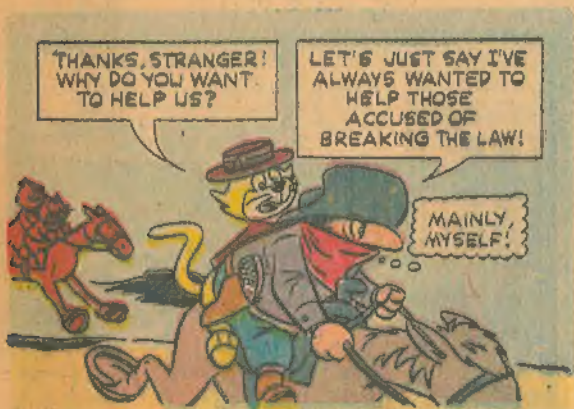




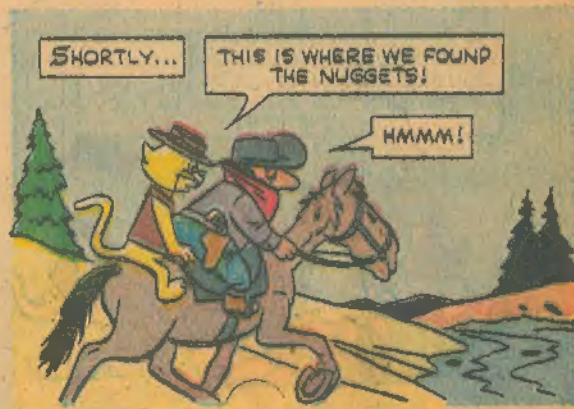




HURRY! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!



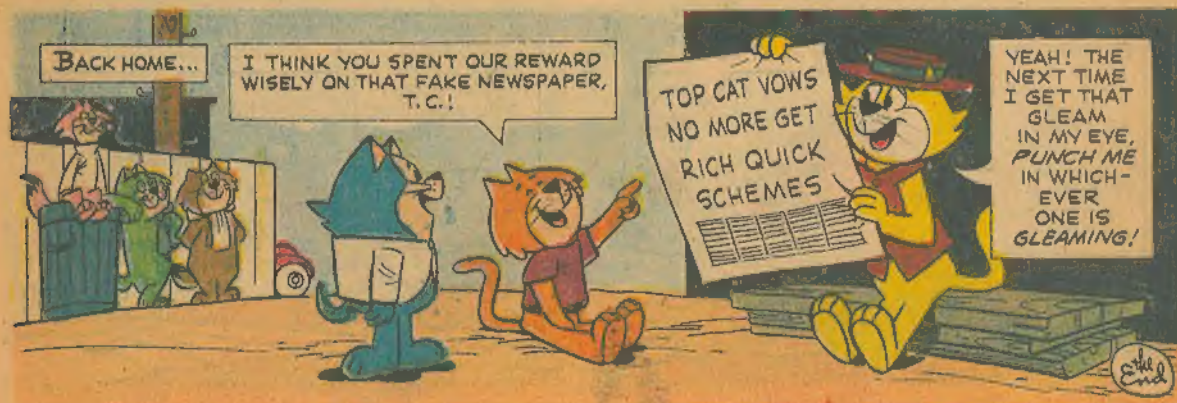
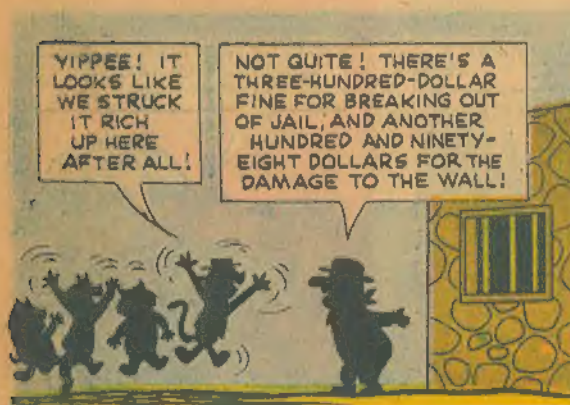
MAINLY, MYSELF!



HMMM!





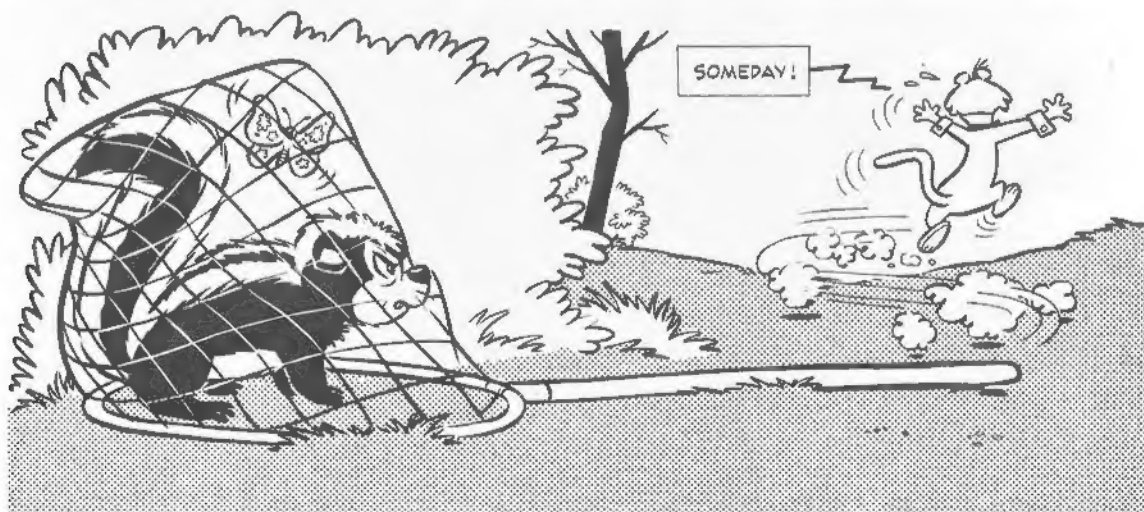


Hanna-Barbera  
**SNAGGLEPUSS**

AH! A RARE PHOLOTMUSIOUR  
PLATOMOMUS! I MUST HAVE  
HIM FOR MY COLLECTION!



AND I SHALL...



SOMEDAY!



